OCEAN MELODIES
AND
SEAMEN'S COMPANION

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OCEAN MELODIES,

AND

SEAMEN'S COMPANION:

A COLLECTION OF

HYMNS AND MUSIC;

FOR THE USE OF BETHELS, CHAPLAINS OF THE NAVY,

AND PRIVATE DEVOTION OF MARINERS.

By PHINEAS STOW,
SEAMEN'S PREACHER.

"While mighty ocean
Rolled the wild, profound, eternal bass
In nature's anthem, and made music,
Such as pleased the ear of God."—POLLOK.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY PHINEAS STOW.

SOLD BY THE PRINCIPAL BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

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PREFACE.

The design of this collection is two-fold;—To counteract the debasing tendency of productions, preferring claims to poetry and music, and to furnish such as will interest the mariner and awaken the better feelings of his nature.

Of the influence of that which has already been scattered broad-cast upon our wharves, or in our forecastles, there can be but little doubt in the minds of such as have observed carefully the results. No one, it is presumed, can question the utility of anything which will eject such pernicious *trash* from our vessels, and substitute a collection which will call up remembrances of home, and such as will lead seamen to recognize God's power, and hear his voice when tempests rage and thunders roar.

It affords us much pleasure and satisfaction, in supplying Seamen and their friends, with a large collection of original hymns and familiar tunes, from those who are desirous of promoting the temporal and spiritual welfare of the sailor. A number of descriptive pieces of poetry have been introduced in the Melodies; and it is presumed they will not give offence, but be read with interest.

Hymns have been selected from books published by the A. Seaman's Friend Society, "The Psalmist," edited by the Rev. Baron Stow and Rev. S. F. Smith; published by Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln of Boston. Also from "The Christian Melodist," compiled by Rev. Joseph Banvard and issued by Mr. John Putnam.

Mr. Wm. B. Tappan, Rev. J. H. Clinch, and Rev. N. Colver, have enriched the "Melodies" with their productions, for which, they have our sincere thanks. Capt. T. V. Sullivan, the "Marine Mission at Large," of Boston, has selected some beautiful pearls for this book. Mr. G. A. Bennett has rendered important service, by giving time in preparing music for the "Melodies" Mr. J. H Hanaford has furnished valuable productions for this work. The first edition of Ocean Melodies, this gentleman arranged. The original arrangement of this book has been entirely changed; more than treble the number of hymns and tunes are introduced in this improved edition of the "Melodies." Unity has not been wholly disregarded; where it is not apparent, it may be attributable, in part, to a desire of securing as many gems and pearls for the ocean as possible, in a small book.

We are fully persuaded that every generous-minded person will pardon all blemishes, and appreciate whatever is truly valuable in this humble effort to provide melody for the long neglected sailor. As there are no competitors in this vast ocean-field, we anticipate a favorable reception for the first book of the kind ever published, with so large a number of hymns and familiar tunes.

The significant appellation of "Jack" and "Tar," so frequently, but inappropriately and injuriously applied to sailors, with other common nautical expressions, are excluded from the Melodies; as they are *very offensive* to *all* intelligent mariners, whenever employed in prose or poetry. A Burial Service has been introduced, and is regarded as a very important accompaniment of the Melodies.

Confident we are that all evangelical denominations, and all who love the worthy mariner, will rejoice at the appearance of the Melodies; but especially those who have relatives and friends on the "great and wide sea." *Boston, Feb.* 21, 1848.

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STEREOTYPED BY A. B. KIDDER, 7 CORNHILL.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

A poor way-faring man of grief,.....15
A cheering ray of hope has gleamed,...13
A wail comes o'er the wave, ...30
A sand unconscious is removed,.....41
Another day is past, ...40
As flows the rapid river, ...45
Are there tidings in yon vessel,.....58
A bright unfading crown doth grace, ...23
As onward speeds the stately ship,.....25
And will the Judge descend?.....91
Am I a soldier of the cross,.....96
And didst thou Jesus, condescend,.....97
A hardy mariner,.....100
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve, .107
Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet,.....109
Appear for my defence, my God,.....130
All kinds of beasts, and birds, &c.....137
And is thy lovely shadow fled?.....133
And wilt thou stoop great God! so low, 139
Blessed Saviour! we adore thee, ...74
Bow down my spirit and adore. 89
Borne o'er the ocean's stormy wave, ..107
Behold that stately ship,.....91
Bright was the guiding star that led, ..107
Behold the spirit from above,.....108
Blest be that voice, now heard afar,...113
Behold the throne of grace, ...134
Blest are the sons of peace, ...135
Beset with snares on every hand,.....125
Bear, O bear the blessed gospel, ...148
Benighted on the troublous main,.....9
Behold upon the raging sea,.....23
But as they sailed, He fell asleep,.....33
Come thou Fount of every blessing,....72
Come, saith Jesus' sacred voice,.....77
Come, sailor, come with all thy grief, ..93
Come Lord, and warm each, &c.....113
Come, sinners! at the Lord's, &c. 132
Change comes with ruthless hand, &c. 139
Come, thou soul-transforming spirit,....75
Come, let us now forget our mirth.....129
Christian heralds like your Saviour, ...119
Child of the sea! hast thou this hope, ..17
Come, we that love the Lord, ...33
Deep fiery clouds o'ercast the sky,.....22
Dear Saviour teach our hearts, ...31
Drink has a thousand treacherous arts,..37
Dark and fearful clouds appearing,.....43
Dear Saviour, hear our prayer,.....128
Death has been here, and borne away,.129
Deep are the wounds which sin, &c...133
Did Christ o'er sinners weep,.....135
Death cannot make our souls afraid,...138
Deathless spirit now arise, ...76
Down to unfathomed depths, ...143
Earth glorious wakes, as o'er her breast, 13
Earth sleeps, with all her glorious things, 13
Float gently on thou blessed bark,.....11
Father the storm is loud,.....31
From many a noble vessel, &c. 56
Fierce was the storm that rent the air,..67
Fearful lightnings break the gloom, ...77
Faith is a spy-glass for the soul, ...84
Far, far from childhood's home, ...100
Faith is a precious grace, ...101
Father 'tis right, I clasped the child, ..139
From whence doth this union arise, ...128
Flag of the pure and azure heaven,....115
Full flowed Bethesda's mantling flood, 154
Great God, we will thy name adore,....65
Great God at thy command,.....68
Grace, 'tis a charming sound,.....69
Give thanks to God most high, ...71
God is love, his mercy brightens, ...72
God of heaven, earth and ocean, ...74
God is my strong salvation,.....79
Go when the morning shineth,.....78
God of creation, Lord of might,.....82
God's moral lights, his children are,....94
God's voice is heard when thunders roar, 95
God of the earth and boundless sea,....99
God moves in a mysterious way,.....99
Give me the wings of faith to rise, ...106
Go, ye messengers of God,.....111
God of my life, thro' all my days,.....137
God of the mariner, ...145
God of the seas, thy mighty voice,.....14
God of the ever rolling deep,.....25
God of the land and rolling flood, ...27
Great God Eternal King,.....32

God is the seamen's friend, ...35
God gave the gift to men,.....36
Gracious God, to thee belong,.....37
Go speak to that brave seaman,.....45
God is my strong salvation,.....47
Great universal Lord of all,.....24
He dies! the Friend of sinners, dies,...10
How sweet the songs of Zion sounds,..19
He that on vent'rous barks hath been,...20
How long shall virtue languish,.....36
Hark! upon the midnight air,.....38
Ho! every one that thirsteth, ...47
He tempts once more the smiling deep, 27
Here on this lonely humble bed,.....24
How are thy servants blest O Lord,....67
Hark! hark! the notes of joy,.....70
Holy source of consolation, ...73
How blest the righteous when he dies,..85
Hail to the precious Sabbath morn, ...87
Hear, dwellers on the stable land,.....92
How swift alas! the moments fly,.....93
How oft have sin and satan strove,.....95
How changed the vision of the sea,.....96
Haste, O sinner, now be wise,.....105
Hark! the bell, the hour of prayer, ...110
Hark! that shout of rapturous joy,....111
Hardy seamen, listen gladly, ...119
Holy bible, blessed treasure,.....119
How sweet is the home, &c. 123
How sweet on thy bosom to rest,.....123
How happy is a child who hears, ...129
How vain is all beneath the skies 133
Hail everlasting spring, ...70
Humble souls, who seek salvation,....141
Hear what the voice from heaven, &c 144
I love my bible, precious boon,.....67
If Paul in Cæsar's court must stand. ...86
If on a quiet sea,.....90
Inscribed upon the cross, we see, ...103
Is this the kind return? 134
I send the joys of earth away, ...85
I heard a voice from heaven, ...145
It was a fearful night,.....143
I have sailed on the raging main, ...157
I've launched upon the sea of life, ...17
I am bound upon the sea, ...29
I love thy kingdom, Lord,.....33
I heard a voice from heaven. 31
In the tempest of life, when the, &c....55
I think of thee mother, &c.....60
Jesus, refuge of my soul,.....105
Jesus! delightful, charming name, ...106
Jesus, at thy command,.....125
Jesus, I love thy charming name, ...126
Jesus, and shall it ever be, ...132
Jesus, thy boundless love to me, ...132
Jesus demands this heart of mine, ...136
Jesus is gone above the skies, ...140
Just launched upon the ocean,.....45
Lord when the mists of doubt arise,....11
Love is a bright and burning fire, ...12
Let our united voices rise, ...13
Let me go, my soul is weary,.....43
Lonely wanderer on the ocean,.....73
Lo! he comes with clouds descending, 75
Let us awake our joys,.....81
Launched on blue ocean's &c. 103
Like morning, when her early breeze, .109
Like Israel, Lord, am I,.....134
Lord, with a grieved and aching heart, 137
Let party names no more,..... 40
Lead us, Heavenly Father, us, ...156
Laborers of Christ, arise, ...33
My faith looks up to thee,.....81
My mother! many a year has fled,.....83
Men vow to Him who rules on high, ...83
My years roll on, the tide of time, ...94
Morn wakes and waves, &c. 12
My soul has fixed her firmest hope, ...129
My Father's house on high,.....141
Mother, mother, I must leave thee, ...50
May the grace of Christ our Saviour,...51
Night cometh o'er the sea,.....29
No one on earth now cares for me,....136
Now is the accepted time, ...101
Not in the church-yard shall he sleep, .116
No peace! no peace! Jehovah cries,..115
Not yet! the flowers are in my path...144
O thou whose matchless power controls,18
O who can tell that never sailed, ...26
O honored saint, O glorious place, ...26
Oh pilot 'tis a fearful night,.....27
O for the death of those,.....29
O thou whose matchless power controls,18

O God of sailors, hear,.....35
Only this once, the wine cup glowed,...37
O pray for the sailor, now far, &c. 55
O pray for the hardy sailor, pray,.....66
O blessed day of holy rest, ...66
O thou of little faith, ...69
O cease, my wandering soul, ...69
O Lord, to thee we bow,.....71
O place me not in sordid dust, ...87
Oh God, thy name they well may praise, 89
O Lord, our heavenly King, ...90
Of old did Jesus condescend,.....97
On that great, that awful day, ...105
O for a faith that will not shrink,.....107
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, ...113
O how I love thy name my Lord, ...114
O think of the sailor tossed, &c.....121
O worship the King all glorious above, 124
Our little bark on boist'rous seas, ...126
O for a breeze of heavenly love, ...126
O chief of all the heavenly throng.....128
O Lord, when billows o'er me rise,....131
O how divine how sweet the joy, ...131
O where shall rest be found,.....135
Our God we bow before thy throne,...138
O thou the high and lofty One, ...139
O thou my soul forget no more, ...140
O'er raging waves, thou mighty God,..155
Prayer may be sweet in cottage homes,.65
Praise to heaven, peace to men, ...77
Praise ye Jehovah's name, ...81
Praise ye the Lord, on every height, ...88
Palms of glory, raiment bright,.....110
Pray for the sailor, pray for him.....130
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,....131
Prayer is the breath of God in man, ...131
Remember me my Saviour God,.....116
Rise my soul and stretch thy wings,...127
Remember thee, redeeming Lord, ...141
Rejoice for a brother deceased,.....160
Ruler of the earth and sky,.....38
Roll on thou mighty ocean, ...47
Star of the East! the tempest-tost, ...9
Sailor, speed thee o'er the sea,.....11
Say to the storm exhaust thy rage, ...21
Sweet on the mourning captive's ear,...23
Sailor, lift up thy voice.....34
Speed, speed the temperance ship,.....36
Seamen on mountain waves are rolled,.41
Shed not a tear o'er your friend's, &c ..52
See the sailor just embarking, ...73
Sailor, we need thee to extend,.....85
Sing, seamen, sing to God on high, ...83
Seamen who love the Saviour's name,..99
Sow in the morn thy seed, ...101
Sailor, is it well with thee?.....104
Sinner, what has earth to show, ...105
Sailor, enter not life's voyage,.....118
Sailor on the trackless ocean, ...118
Sinner, hear the mighty Saviour, ...119
See, daylight is fading o'er earth, &c. .121
Seamen! there is a noble work for you, 126
Safely now the light of day, ...77
Sleep on, sleep on, above thy corse,...143
Sing to the Lord most high,.....71
Sweet land of song, thy harp, &c. 146
Sailing on the boisterous ocean, ...149
The Christian voyager strikes, &c.....82
There is a faith, the gift of God,.....64
The billows foam, the ocean rolls, ...64
The boundless power of God,.....68
To thee, O blessed Saviour, ...79
Tossed on the stormy sea, ...80
The Lord our God is clothed in might, .86
The sailor's home is on the wave, ...87
To thee O God, whose just command,..88
To thee, O God, whose awful voice, ...89
The pity of the Lord,.....91
There's not a star whose, &c. 93
Thy works of glory mighty Lord,.....93
The bethel is the place for thee, ...95
There is a Friend who's always nigh,...95
There is a hope, a blessed hope,.....99
The Spirit, in our hearts, ...101
The billows swell, the winds are high, 102
The bible, is a polar star,.....102
The sailor boy, how hard his lot, ...103
They that toil upon the deep,.....104
Though to the wanderer o'er the sea,..108
There is a pnre and peaceful wave,....109
There is a world of perfect bliss,.....113
The glorious gospel now allays,.....115
There is an hour of hallowed peace,...117
There is a time we know not when,...117

The truths of the bible shall, &c. 120
The Lord is our shepherd, &c.....122
The cross is my anchor, &c. 123
The morning light is breaking,.....127
To thee be praise forever,.....127
'Tis finish'd, so the Saviour cried, ...132
There is a land mine eye hath seen, ..133
The man is ever blest,.....134
'Twas when the sea with horrid roar,..138
The purple gems forever burn,.....143
'Twas on that dark, that doleful night,.140
There is a land of pure delight, ...141
The noble ship glides swiftly o'er, ...147
The drink that's in the drunkard's bowl, 152
The rolling waves of ocean's tide, ...7
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord, ...9
'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow,....10
Thou art sounding on thou sea,.....16
There is a place of sacred rest,.....19
Thy neighbor! It is he whom thou,....21
The bard of Israel swept his lyre,.....21
The Father will protect and shield,....26
The glorious morning dawns, ...28
The storm is on the deep,.....31
There's a draught that causeth sadness,.37
Tossing on a stormy sea,.....38
Thou who didst hear thy children cry,..41
Tossed on life's raging billow,.....42
Toil-worn sailor come and welcome,...43
Tho' hard the winds are blowing, ...44
The seraphs bright are hovering,.....46
The night was dark and fearful,.....48
The light ship how welcome, &c.....54
There's magic power, &c. 63
Tho' hard the winds are blowing, &c...57
Upon a hill there stands a tree,.....97
Upon the waters glorious Lord,.....98
Upon the waters glorious God, ...114
Up to the fields where angels lie, ...137
When marshall'd on the raging main, ...8
When launch'd upon the briny tide,....11
When on the ocean's towering foam,...19
When o'er the mighty deep we rode,...21
Which is the happiest death to die, ...25
We seek a rest beyond the skies,. 112
With glorious hearts great God, &c.....40
We thank thee Father, for the day, ...40
We are scattered, we are scattered, ...47
Wither goest thou sailor stranger,.....43
Where is thy home? I asked a child,...24
Would you behold the works of God,...24
Wanderer from God return, return, ...65
When o'er the restless deep,.....69
Welcome delightful morn, ...71
Wanderers o'er the stormy ocean, ...73
When sailing on the ocean, ...79
We kindle here a beacon light, ...84
When thickly beat the storms of life, ..85
We come, O Lord, before thy throne,..87
We sing the Saviour's love, ...91
While on the swelling sea of life, ...92
With reverence let the saints appear,...97
When floating o'er life's troubled sea, ..98
While some in folly's pleasures roll, ..109
Watchmen! tell us of the sea,.....111
While o'er life's troubled deep we sail, 112
While o'er the angry sea of time, ...115
What if a little rain should say,.....117
We are but young, yet we may sing, ..129
What glory gilds the sacred page,.....130
What sinners value I resign,.....133
Who can forbear to sing,.....135
While life prolongs its precious light,..136
What fearful cry so wild and shrill,....103
What's this that steals, ...144
When I survey the wondrous cross,...140
While others on the happy shore,.....145
When our fathers long ago, ...150
When I can read my title clear, ...158
When the breezes gaily blow, ...151
Yes, Lord, my grateful voice I'll raise,..65
Ye servants of God, &c. 125
Ye Christian seamen praise the Lord, .130
Yes, we trust the day is breaking,.....75
Your harps ye trembling saints,.....29
Yes, thou art gone from us away,.....25

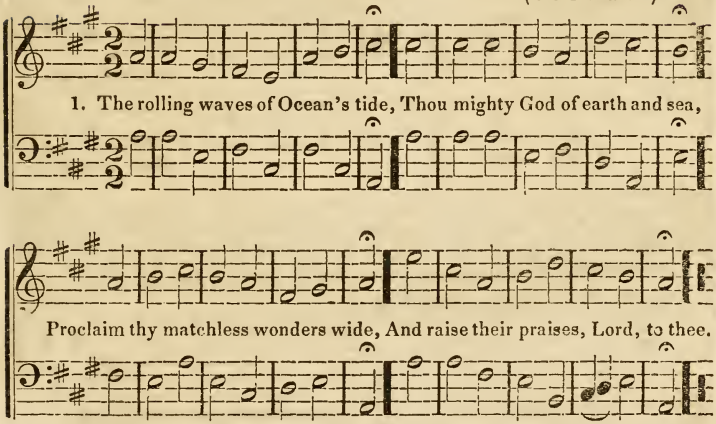
NOTE. This book contains 76 tunes, an Index of which is omitted for want of room.

☞ By the generous donation of Mr. A. B. KIDDER, Music Printer, seamen and their friends are furnished with the "Melodies," at a very reasonable price. The liberality of this gentleman in the mariner's reform is highly commendable.

OCEAN MELODIES.

THE OCEAN SPEAKS. L. M.

(*Old Hundred.*)



Thy voice is heard in thunder's roar,—
  In lightning's glare thy glories shine;
The heaving billows, towering, soar,
  And ever heed thy Word divine.

When marshal'd on the raging main. L. M.

1. When mar-shal'd on the rag - ing main, The
star a - lone of all the train, Can
one a - lone, the Sav - iour speaks, It
glittering hosts be - stud the sky, One
fix the sai - lor's wandering eye.
is the star of Beth - le-hem.

1st time. *2d time.*

D. C.

Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks, From every host, from eve-ry gem ; But

D. C.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd,
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark foreboding cease ;
And thro' the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem

The Morning Star. L. M.

BY WM. B. TAPPAN.

Benighted on the troublous main,
  While stormy terrors clothe the sky,
The trembling voyager strives in vain,
  And nought but stern despair is nigh.
When lo! a gem of peerless light,
  With radiant splendor, shines afar;
And through the clouds of darkest night,
  Appears the Bright and Morning Star!

With joy he greets the cheering ray,
  That beams on Ocean's weary breast;
Precursor of a smiling day,
  It lulls his fears to peaceful rest.
No more in peril shall he roam,
  For night and danger now are far;
With steady helm he enters home,
  His guide the Bright and Morning Star!

Thus, when affliction's billows roll,
  And waves of sorrow and of sin
Beset the fearful, weeping soul,
  And all is dark and drear within—
'Tis JESUS, whispering strains of peace,
  Drives every doubt and fear afar;
He bids the raging tempests cease,
  And shines the Bright and Morning Star!

Glory of God in his Works. L. M.

WATTS.

The heavens declare thy glory, Lord;
  In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
  We read thy name in fairer lines.
The rolling sun, the changing light,
  And nights, and days, thy power confess;
But that blest volume thou hast writ
  Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
  Around the earth, and never stand,
So, when thy truth began its race,
  It touched and glanced on every land,
Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
  Till through the world thy truth has run,
Till Christ has all the nations blest
  That see the light or feel the sun.

Great Sun of Righteousness, arise
  O bless the world with heavenly light,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
  Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
Thy noblest wonders here we view,
  In souls renewed and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
  And make thy word my guide to heaven.

The Star of Bethlehem. L. M.

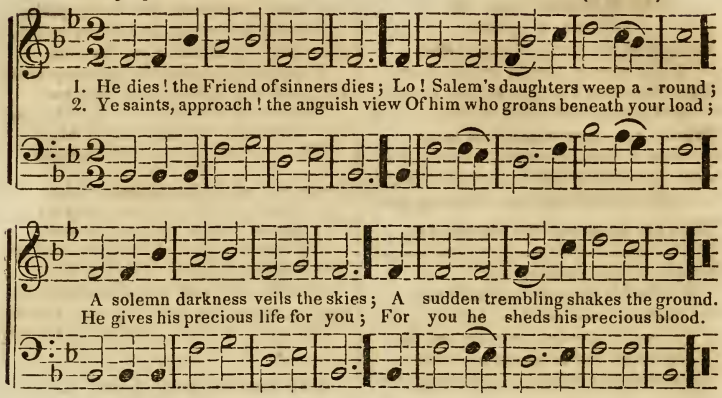
BY WM. B. TAPPAN.

Star of the East! the tempest-tost,
  On life's uncertain billows borne,
Is by rude gales of trouble crossed,
  By hidden rocks of sorrow torn—
When breaks the cheering Star of Morn,
  When night and thrall forever flee,
O, where the doubts and fears forlorn
  Of him, the wanderer of the sea?

Break out, blest Star! with peaceful ray;
  And if our steps to Truth incline,
Oh, help and guard our weeping way!
  Along these doubtful waters shine!
The heavenly beacon-light of thine
  That trembled once on Bethlehem's plain,
Shall guide us to the Source Divine,
  Shall lead us to the Child again.

10 DEATH AND RESURRECTION OF CHRIST. L M.

Poetry by Watts. (*Ward.*)



Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men;
But, lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant Death in chains.

Say, "Live forever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask, "O Death, where is thy sting?
And where thy victory, boasting Grave?"

Christ in Gethsemane. L. M.

BY WM. B. TAPPAN.

'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone;
'Tis midnight; in the garden, now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

'Tis midnight; and, from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone, with fears;
E'en that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his master's grief and tears.

'Tis midnight; and for other's guilt
The man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

'Tis midnight; and from ether plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

Trust in God. L. M.

BY REV. J. H. CLINCH.

Lord, when the mists of doubt arise,
And error's night around me lies,
May faith's sure *compass* point the way,
And guide me to the realms of day!

When strong temptation shakes my soul,
And waves of passion round me roll,
And storms of grief my heart o'erwhelm,
Stand Thou, my Saviour, at the *helm*.

When borne by sin's resistless tide,
Where dangers lurk on every side,
Lord, may Thy *anchor*, strong and sure,
My troubled soul securely moor!

And when my voyage shall cease at last,
And life's wide ocean has been passed,
O, may I reach that haven blest,
The *port* of peace and endless rest!

Sailor, Speed thee.

BY REV. D. C. EDDY.

Sailor speed thee o'er the sea,
Thy home and friends are far away;
Those fervent prayers ascend for thee,
While o'er the earth thy footsteps stray.

Sailor speed thee o'er the sea,
While breakers roar, and billows dash;
Soon shall thy vessel anchored be,
Where not one wave the shore shall lash.

Sailor speed thee o'er the sea,
The deep, dark sea of human life;
Where nought the voyager's eye can see
But gloom and terror, sin and strife.

Sailor speed thee o'er the sea,
And let thy toilsome wand'ring cease;
Soon shall thy heavy spirit be,
Safe anchored in the port of peace.

The Gospel Ship. L. M.

Float gently on, thou blessed bark,
Touch every land and ship-lined shore;
Shed light where teeming millions sigh,
Unfold the Gospel's sacred store.

Show from the topmast's tallest peak,
The great Redeemer's glorious name;
Display the blessed, bleeding Cross;
Its love, its agony, its shame.

Proclaim the life-restoring Word;
Pour all the energy of Prayer;
Disturb the blest baptismal Wave;
The Bread, the Wine, of Life, prepare.

Arrest the thoughtless, check the rash,
Win home the wanderer from his ways;
The broken hearted bind with balm,
And fill the penitent with praise.

Like clouds, that fly before the storm,
Like doves, that to their windows come,
Crowd, brothers, to the glorious Cross,
And find the Church, the Sailors' Home.

Pray, Sailor, Pray. L. M. J. H. H.

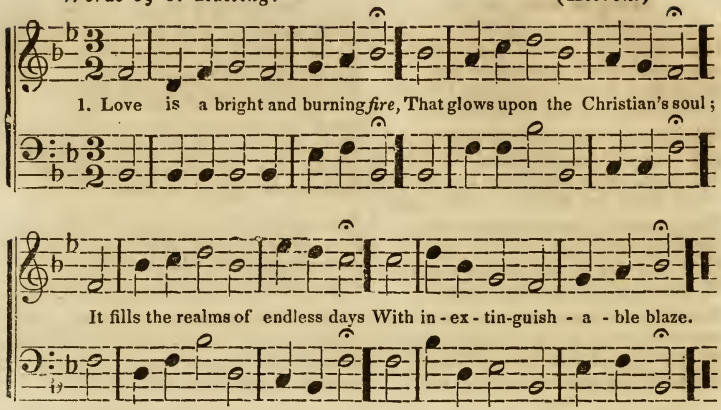
When launched upon the briny tide,
You o'er its ample bosom glide,
From home and kindred far away,
Then look above, pray, sailor, pray.

When tossed on ocean's broad domain,
The sport of danger, toil and pain,—
As borne along the watery way,
Then pause awhile, pray, sailor, pray.

When troubled depths disparted yawn,
And death's embrace is round thee drawn;
When thy pure soul would leave its clay,
O gladly soar, pray, sailor, pray.

WHAT IS LOVE? L. M.

Words by J. Rusling. (*Hebron.*)



Love is a deep expansive *sea*,
Where flow the swells of gospel grace—
Pleasures in wid'ning circles heave,
Respondent as the yielding wave.

Love is the radiant *rainbow*, seen
Suspended in the vault of heav'n;
Jesus and glory here combine,
To form a harmony divine.

Love is the grand *ecliptic* way,
Where faithful souls describe their course,
On beams of light they mount on high,
To shine meridian in the sky.

Love forms the splendors of the throne,
The glory of the courts above;
The Christian's *all* his portion this;
Heaven is his *home*, and *love* his *bliss*.

Devotion. L. M.

Morn wakes and waves her purple wing,
Bright glancing over earth and sea,
And happy forms and beauty spring
To life from rock, and stream, and tree.

The sunlit billow's glowing breast
Heaves like the bosom gushing o'er
With joy—and, shaking its proud crest,
Comes shouting onward to the shore.

Oh! at this hour, when, from above,
The light cloud o'er the mirrored deep,
Comes floating from that sea of Love,
Where crystal waters ever sleep.

When the glad sounds of Nature's mirth
Are swelling o'er the deep blue sea,
My heart from all the bliss of earth,
Exulting turns great God to Thee.

Sabbath Morning. L. M.

Earth glorious wakes, as o'er her breast
The morning flings her rosy ray,
And blushing from her dreamless rest,
Unveils her to the gaze of day.

The night-winds to their mountain caves
The morning mists to heaven's blue sleep,
And to their ocean-depths the waves,
Are gone, their holy rest to keep.

Each tree that lifts its gems in air,
Or hangs its pensive head from high,
Seems bending at its morning prayer,
Or whispering with the hours gone by.

This holy morning, Lord, is thine!
Let silence sanctify the praise;
Let heaven and earth in love combine,
And morning stars the music raise.

Sabbath Evening, L. M.

Earth sleeps, with all her glorious things
Beneath the Holy Spirit's wings,
And, rending back the hues above,
Seems resting in a *trance* of love.

Bright creatures of a better sphere
Came down at noon to worship here,
And from their sacrifice of love,
Returned to their home above.

And she for depths of earthly beam
So passing fair, we almost dream
That we can rise, and wander through
There open *path* of *trackless* blue.

May holy aspirations start,
Like blessed angels, from the heart,
And bid—when earth's dark ties are riven,
Our Spirits to the gates of heaven.

The Converted Sailor. L. M. J. H. H.

A cheering ray of hope has gleamed
Around the hardy sailor's way,
The gospel light at last has beamed,
And sheds afar the glorious ray.

On ocean's heaving billows borne,
The Christian seaman bows in prayer;
Submissive kneels before the throne,
And joys to meet his Saviour there.

Tho' winds may howl and tempests beat,
And lightnings glare, and surges roar,
He calmly bows at Jesus' feet,
Nor fears in danger's darkest hour.

O let loud songs of praise ascend
To our exalted, mighty King;
Let heaven and earth in union blend,
And every tongue in chorus sing.

The Bethel Flag. L. M.

Let our united voices rise,
The Bethel Flag streams on the air!
The herald bird has left the skies,
And bears her blessed mission here.

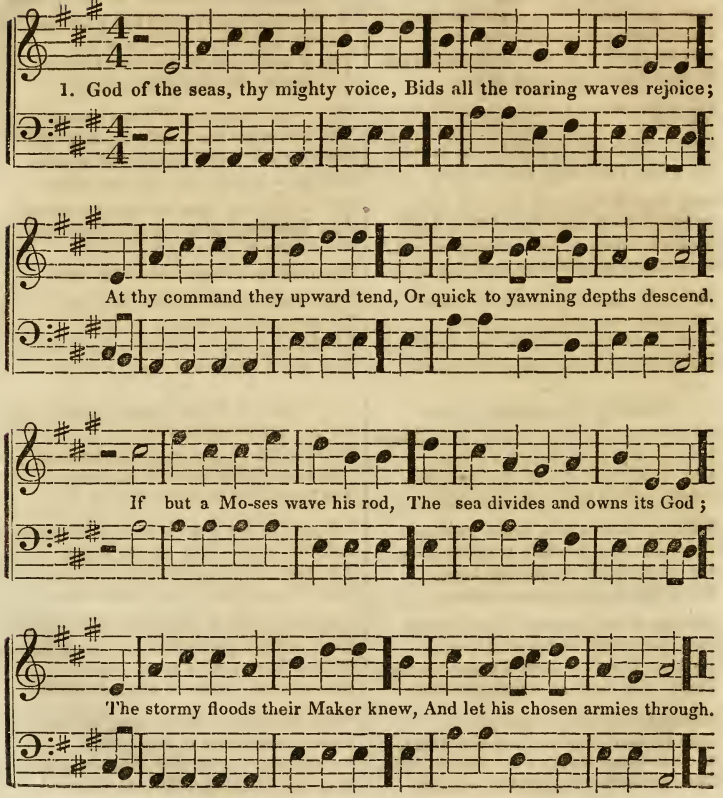
"Peace to the world, Jehovah's love,
Exulting souls, look up and bless,
The holy leaf, the heavenly dove,
Emblems of peace and tenderness."

Hushed nature brightens at the view;
Glad angels check their hymns to see;
Triumphant voices wake anew,
For "Sailor, there is hope for thee."

Then let loud anthems long ascend!
Shout hallelujahs to the Lord;
Landsmen, and sailors, angels, blend;
Rejoice and praise with one accord.

GOD'S DOMINION OVER THE SEA. L. M.

(*Way-faring Man.*)



The finny tribes, that sport and play,
To thee, their Lord, a tribute pay;
The humblest fish beneath the flood,
Proclaims the praise of Thee, O God,
O for a signal of thy hand!
Great Judge, descend, lest man deny
That there's a God who rules on high
Shake all the seas, Lord shake the land:

Poor Way-faring Man. L. M.

A poor way-faring man of grief
Hath often cross'd me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer nay;
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went or whence he came;
Yet there was something in his eye,
That won my love, I knew not why.

Once when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered, not a word he spake,
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave him all—He blest it, brake,
And ate but gave me part again,
Mine was an angel's portion then—
And while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock—his strength was gone,
The heedless water mocked his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on;
I ran, and raised the sufferer up,
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipped, and returned it running o'er,
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'Twas night. The floods were out; it blew
A wintry hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof;
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
Laid him on mine own couch to rest,
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

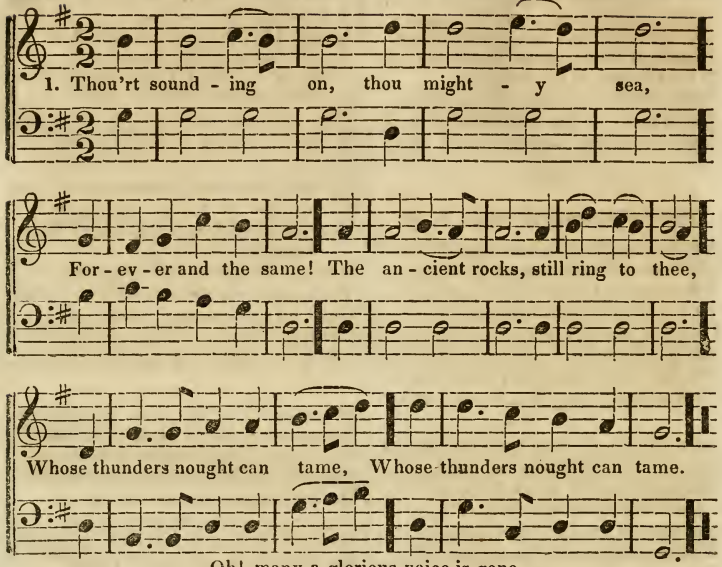
Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death
I found him by the high-way side;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment, he was healed,
I had myself a wound concealed,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart,

In prison I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him mid shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried "I will!"

Then, in a moment, to my view
The stranger started from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew,—
My SAVIOUR stood before my eyes!
He spake, and my poor name he named,—
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be,
Fear not, thou didst it unto me."

THE SOUND OF THE SEA. C. M.

Words by Mrs. Hemans. (*Nichols.*)



Oh! many a glorious voice is gone,
From the rich bow'rs of earth,
And hushed is many a lonely one,
Of mournfulness or mirth.

But thou art swelling on, thou deep,
Through many an olden clime,
Thy billowy anthem, ne'er to sleep
Until the close of time.

Thou liftest up thy solemn voice
To every wind and sky,
And all the earth's green shores rejoice
In that one harmony.

"Which Hope we have as an Anchor of the Soul" C. M. A. M. C.

Child of the Sea! hast thou this Hope,
  This Anchor of the soul;
Or dost thou yet desponding grope
  Where stormy billows roll?

Tossed to and fro by every blast,
  On every troubled wave;
This, this alone can hold thee fast,
  Thy bark from ruin save.

What tho'thick darkness shroud the sky,
  Robed in the tempest's wrath,
And not one burning star on high,
  Can light the watery path;

This Hope, thy Anchor, thou canst bide
  The storm's severest shock,
And slumber on the raging tide
  Firm as a mountain rock.

In wildest perils on the sea
  'Twill never, never fail,
When paleness on the cheek shall be,
  And bravest spirits quail.

Where icy rocks, and cliffs, and caves
  The Arctic billows form,
Or where the sunny tropic waves
  Roll by in currents warm.

Oh Sailor! make this Anchor thine,
  And cast it from thy deck,
Ere yet thy bark in ocean's brine
  Forever sinks a wreck;

And when thou hast a feeble breath,
  And life's strong cords are riven,
Then drop it in the port of death,
  And thou art moored in heaven!

The Christian Mariner. C. M.

I've launched upon the *sea of life*
  My little bark so frail,
Nor fear to meet the raging storm,
  The tempest and the gale.

For *Jesus* is my pilot now,
  My everlasting guide,
He'll bear me to the *port of peace*,
  O'er life's tempestuous tide.

Blow, *breezes* of the *spirit*, blow!
  And spread the *gospel sails;*
Waft down thy silent breath divine,
  In sweet, propitious gales!

For here I wait with Bible *chart*
  The *compass* God has given;
And soon I'll leave these shores of time,
  To make the *port* of heaven.

No star shines on the brow of night,
  A cheering watch to me;
No moon hangs out her lamp to light
  My pathway o'er the sea.

And yet I have a Star to guide,
  More bright than sparkling gem;
It pierces through the darkest cloud;
  "The Star of Bethlehem."

Land! land! the hopeful watcher cries
  In faith's extreme delight;
Land! land! each joyous soul replies,
  Fair Canaan heaves in sight.

Behold ten thousand on the shore!
  A shining host they stand;
To hail our glorious coming there,
  To that celestial land.

SEAMAN'S CONCERT.

Words by J. H. H. (*Coronation.*)

1. O thou whose matchless power controls The roarings of the sea,
Our hearts incline to love thy word, And draw us Lord to thee.
Our hearts incline to love thy word, And draw us Lord to thee.

Tempestuous billows often rise,
And stormy passions roar;—
O quell each hidden sinful thought,
And bid us upward soar.

Awake *anew* our souls to sing,
In strains of fervent love;
O wake again our fallen harps,
Attuned to those above.

May grateful tributes here ascend,
In sweet melodious lays,
Thy watch-care may we ever bless,
And joyous chant thy praise.

Sweet Home. C. M.

When on the ocean's towering foam
My voyage I still pursue,
For the dear objects left at home,
I'll nightly prayer renew.

If earthly home, with pleasure pure,
So much delight the heart!
How happy they who heaven secure,
As their rich better part?

To be at home, and there to stay,
Where the blest Jesus reigns!
In that bright world of endless day,
What higher joy remains?

For in that home the God of grace,
His glory does display;
And saints and angels see his face
Through an eternal day.

Seamen Singing. C. M.

How sweet the songs of Zion sound
When seamen tune their voice
In praise to him who reigns on high,
And bids the world rejoice.

They sing, to tell how God has sent
Deliverance from the storm,
And brought them to their port in peace,
By his almighty arm.

They sing, and tell of matchless love
Of him who died to save;
Who now in glory reigns above,
To rescue from the grave.

Sing on, dear seamen, sing and tell
Of all Emanuel's love!
And may you rise and sit on high,
And reign with him above.

My Father's House. C. M.

R. TURNBULL.

There is a place of sacred rest,
Far, far beyond the skies,
Where beauty smiles eternally,
And pleasure never dies.

My Father's house, my heavenly home,
Where "many mansions" stand,
Prepared, by hands divine, for all
Who seek the better land.

When tossed upon the waves of life,
With fear on every side,—
When fiercely howls the gathering storm
And foams the angry tide.

Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,
Breaks forth the light of morn,
Bright beaming from my Father's house,
To cheer the soul forlorn.

Yes, even at that fearful hour,
When death shall seize its prey,
And from the place that knows us now,
Shall hurry us away.

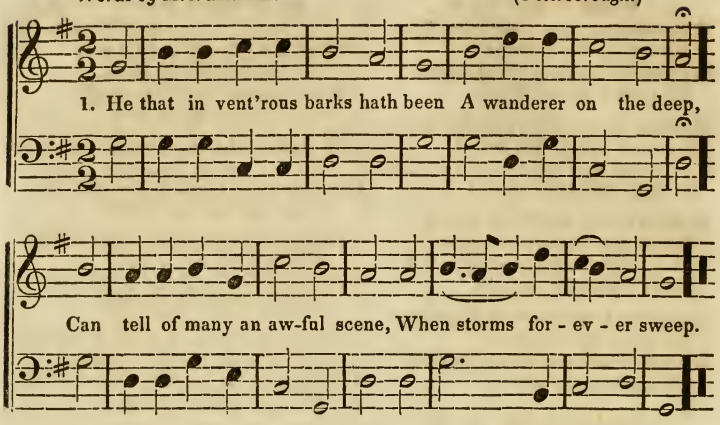
The vision of that heavenly home
Shall cheer the parting soul,
And o'er it, mounting to the skies,
A tide of rapture roll.

In that pure home of tearless joy
Earth's parted friends shall meet,
With smiles of love that never fade,
And blessedness complete.

There, there adieus are sounds unknown,
Death frowns not on that scene,
But life, and glorious beauty, shine,
Untroubled and serene.

WONDERS OF THE DEEP. C. M.

Words by Mrs. Hemans. (*Peterborough.*)



Go ask him if the whirlpool's roar,
  Whose echoing thunder peals
Loud, as if rushed along the shore,
  An army's chariot wheels;—

Of sea-fires, which at dead of night,
  Shine o'er the tides afar,
And make th' response of ocean bright
  As heaven, with many a star.

If glorious be that awful deep,
  No human power can bind,
What then art Thou, who bid'st it keep
  Within its bounds confined!

Who is my Neighbor? C. M.

Thy neighbor? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless—
Whose aching heart, or burning brow,
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbor? 'tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door;
Go thou and succor him.

Thy neighbor? 'tis that weary man,
Whose years are at their brim,
But low with sickness, cares, and pain;
Go thou and comfort him.

Oh, pass not, pass not heedless by—
Perhaps thou canst redeem
The breaking heart from misery—
Go, share thy lot with him!

God in the Sea. C. M.

The bard of Israel swept his lyre
In praise, O Lord, to thee;
Sung, burning with the sacred fire,
"Thy way is in the sea."

So bards may ever tune the string
To ocean bounding free,
While "many waters" ever sing,
"Thy way is in the sea."

Go, stand upon the wave-washed shore,
Or on the sheltered lea,
And hear the bounding billows roar,
"Thy way is on the sea."

Mark how the surges bound along
And 'fore the surges flee!
Hear the wild tumult swell the song,
"Thy way is in the sea."

Gaze on the shipwrecked mariner,
And hear his fervent plea;
Exclaiming, as the ship goes down,
"Thy way is in the sea."

Thy waters, Lord, from distant lands,
Roll up their praise to thee;
Still singing o'er the golden sands,
"Thy way is in the sea."

Courage from above. C. M.

BY DR. T. F. OAKES.

Say to the storms exhaust thy rage,
What are thy gales to me?
The Saviour is my hope, my friend,
No fear can rise from thee!

In fury lash the shore and sea—
Cause guilty hearts to fear;
But why should I sink with dismay,
While he I love is near.

Great God! thy love shall be my guide,
While sailing o'er the sea;
Thy love in heaven shall be my song
Through all eternity.

For Mariners. C. M.

When o'er the mighty deep we rode,
By winds and storms assail'd;
We raised our cries to ocean's God,
Whose mercy never fail'd.

The raging tempest heard thy voice,
The winds obey'd thy will;
The elements withheld their noise,
And all the floods were still.

With joy we hail'd the distant shore,
And safe the vessel moor'd;
With grateful hearts, that happy hour,
We praised the ocean's Lord.

THE THUNDER STORM. C. M

Words by Mrs. Hemans. (*Northfield.*)

1. Deep fiery clouds o'ercast the sky, Dead stillness reigns in air, There is not e'en a breeze on high The gos-sa-mer to bear. The gos - sa - mer to bear.

There is not e'en a breeze on high, There is not e'en a breeze on high The gos - - sa - mer to bear.

The roar is hushed, the wave's at rest,
  The sea is dark and still,
Reflecting on thy shadowy breast
  Each form of rock and rill.
The thunder bursts! its rolling might
  Seems the ocean to shake;
And in terrific splendor bright,
  The gathered lightnings break.

Christ stilling the tempest. C. M.

Behold, upon the raging sea,
Tossed by the foaming wave,
A bark is struggling in the gale,
Her valiant crew to save.

Behold the billows, raging high,
Are breaking o'er her bow;
Those men who once disdained to fear,
Are struck with frenzy now.

They look around with frightful gaze,
As billows o'er them sweep,
While one, their Master and their Guide,
Lies calmly down to sleep.

Now see the Saviour calmly rise,
And ask them why they fear;
No harm to them can e'er befall,
While Christ their Lord is near.

He bids the winds their fury cease;
He bids the waves be still;
The raging wind, the swelling flood,
Obey his sovereign will.

Though he in flesh no longer dwells,
His power is still the same;
No winds nor waves need those dismay
Who trust in Jesus' name. J. F. R.

The Victor's Crown. C. M.

A bright unfading crown doth grace
The victor's deathless head,
Who swift hath run the heavenly race,
And to the goal hath sped.

Who for his brow that wreath would win
Must lay aside each weight,
And cast away the robe of sin
That would his feet beset.

Who runneth for the peerless prize,
And would not run in vain,
Must keep before his eager eyes
The garland he would gain.

He must forget who runs the race,
The ground already passed,
And to the mark must forward press,
With ever active haste.

Whose spirit would not faint, nor miss
The joy of him that's crowned,
Must view the cloud of witnesses
That compass him around.

But, most of all, be ever met
The crowning Conqueror's eye,
Who, for the joy before him set,
Won the great victory.

Christ the Ransom. C. M.

BY REV. S. HOWE.

Sweet, on the mourning captive's ear
The notes of ransom ring,
The broken, fainting heart to cheer,
And hopes of freedom bring.

To sin-bound souls, O doubly blest!
Is Jesus' precious name,
In whom to seek for joy and rest;
Release from sin and shame.

And sweet to tell, to sinners lost,
Of Him who freely gave
His blood, his life—how great the cost!
Our rebel world to save.

Ye ransomed sinners, gladly swell
The notes of joyful praise;
On Jesus' name still constant dwell,
In ever rapturous lays.

Earthly and Heavenly Home. C. M.
BY D. RADFORD.

Where is thy home? I asked a child,
Who in the morning air, [mild,
Was twining flowers most sweet and
In garlands for her hair.

My home? the happy child replied,
And smiled in childish glee,
Is on the sunny mountain's side,
Where soft winds wander free.

Oh! blessings fall on artless youth,
And all its rosy hours,
When every word is joy and truth,
And treasures live in flowers.

Where is thy home thou lonely man?
I asked a pilgrim gray;
Who came with furrowed brow and wan
Slow musing on his way.

He paused;—and with a solemn mien
Upturned his holy eyes,
The land I seek thou ne'er hast seen,
My home is in the skies.

Oh! blest, thrice blest the heart must be,
To whom such thoughts are given,
Who walks from worldly fetters free,
Its only home is Heaven.

Grave of a Sea Captain. L. M.

Here in this lonely humble bed,
Where myrtle and wild roses grow,
A son of ocean rests his head,
For, reader, 'tis his watch below.

Long hath he done his duty well,
And battled with the stormy blast;
But now when gentler breezes swell,
He's safely moored in peace at last.

Tread lightly, sailors, o'er his grave,
His virtues claim a kindred tear;
And yet why mourn a brother brave?
He rests from all his labors here.

The Seaman's Song. L. M. WATTS

Would you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad?
With hardy mariners survey
The unknown regions of the sea.

They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favor of the wind;
Till God command, and tempests rise,
That heaves the ocean to the skies.

When land is far, and death is nigh,
Bereaved of hope to God they cry;
His mercy hears their loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.

He bids the winds their wrath assuage,
And stormy tempests cease to rage;
The grateful band their fears give o'er,
And hail with joy their native shore.

O, may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord;
Let them their purest offerings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

The Pious Fisherman's Hymn. C. M.

Great universal Lord of all
Who formed the flowing deep,
And in its bosom, for our use
A store of fish doth keep.

Thy providence has placed me here,
To earn my daily bread;
By fishing I my wants supply,
And so am richly fed.

O may I with returning day,
To thee my tribute bring,
And with a heart replete with love
Thy praise devoutly sing.

The Bereaved Parent's Consolation.
C. M. BY L. T. BEECHER.

Yes! thou art gone from us away:
Up to thy long abode,
Where thou shalt be forever near
The palace of thy God.

Tis even so: this lovely flower
Was nipped before it bloomed!
And an untimely blast has swept,
This fair one to the tomb.

Thou wert too fair to bloom below,
Midst groans and tears and sighs;—
So ministering Angels took thee hence,
To plant thee in the skies!

Then we will gladly wipe away
The tears for thee we shed;
And calmly lay thee down to sleep
In silence with the dead.

Believing this, that He, in whom
Is all our hope and trust,
Will send his guardian Angels down
To watch thy sleeping dust.

And when the last great day shall come,
He'll bid thee joyful rise,
Clothed in immortal vigor then;
To bloom beyond the skies.

Happy Death. L. M.

Which is the happiest death to die?
The Christian said if he might choose;
Long at the gates of bliss would lie,
And feast his spirit ere it fly.

Fain would I catch a hymn of love,
From angel's harps that ring above;
That those around my bed might hear
The harp-notes of another sphere.

Voyage of Life. C. M. J. H. H.

As onward speeds the stately ship
Across the watery main,
Frail man is hurried swift along,
A distant shore to gain.

With varied course and struggled din,
The devious way is traced;
Thick crowding dangers yawn around,
Unseen, yet oft embraced.

Dark, threat'ning clouds may often frown,
Portending sudden wrath;
Fierce lightnings dart and fervent glare
Along the lurid path.

So sorrow's shades are o'er us thrown,
And adverse billows flow;
The tempest's darts fall thick around,
And scatter grief and wo.

Yet happy he, when toils are o'er,
Who nears the port above,
Where sin and wo are never known,
But all is bliss and love.

Hymn at Sea. C. M.
BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

God of the ever rolling deep,
In thee is all our trust,
Who bidd'st the mighty surges sweep,
Yet spare a child of dust.

God of the strong unfathomed tide,
Whose billows, wild and dread,
May wreck the power of human pride,
And whelm it with the dead.

Oh grant us, as the dove of old,
Unto the ark did flee,
As seeks the lamb the shepherd's fold;
To find repose in Thee.

Fair Wind. C. M.

O who can tell, that never sailed
Among the glassy seas, [morn
How fresh and welcome breaks the
That ushers in a breeze!

Fair wind! Fair wind! alow, aloft,
All hands delight to cry—
As leaping through the parted waves
The good ship makes reply.

Then welcome to the rushing blast,
That stirs the waters now—
Ye white plumed heralds of the deep
Make music round her prow!

Good sea-room in the roaring gale—
Let stormy trumpets blow—
But chain ten thousand fathoms down
The sluggish calm below.

The Holy Spirit like the wind,
Invisible to all,—
Comes from above and wafts the soul
From danger's threatening pall.

May heavenly breezes waft me o'er
This life's tempestuous sea,
To that bright land and peaceful shore,
And rest eternally.

Free Protection for all Seamen. C. M. P. S.

The Father will protect and shield,
By his all-powerful arm,
The children of his tender care,
When gilded toys may charm.

The Son will intercede for them,
And plead their cause above;
He freely them protects by grace,
And plumes their soul with love.

The Holy Spirit cheers them on,
And opens to their sight
Rich fields of beauty from above,
And gives them pure delight.

His grace protects them on the sea,
When angry billows roll;
His voice will dissipate their fear,
And nerve their trembling soul.

The same protection all must have,
And ratified by God;
He can alone protection grant,
Who shed for us his blood.

All nations now may have this gift,
Of every clime and tongue,
If they will bow before his throne,
Free grace shall be their song.

The Sailor honored. C. M.

O honored saint, O glorious place,
The bosom of our Lord!
What can so much display his grace
To those he bought with blood?

But many a Sailor, poor and low,
Weary of wandering here,
May I, though vile, be favored so,
And dry up every tear?

O canst thou, wilt thou, dearest Lord,
Give my poor soul this rest;
Shall I, when storms fulfil thy word,
Repose upon thy breast?

Then farewell home, and foreign charms,
Your influence now shall cease,
Reclined in Christ my Saviour's arms,
I rest in endless peace.

The Last Voyage. C. M.

BY WM. B. TAPPAN.

He tempts once more the smiling deep:
Sad thoughts crowd on his joy—
That parting hour he saw her weep—
The mother o'er her boy.

The gallant ship has spread her sail,
With her did hope depart?
Day follows day, and wherefore fail
Tidings to cheer the heart?

They know not of the ocean-caves,
Where men and treasures lie,
Buried within their dreamless graves,
Beyond e'en fancy's eye.

That noble ship—that cheerful crew—
What in the storm befel,
Is it not hidden from our view?—
The last great day shall tell.

That hour, of friends to sooth was none;
Of shipmates, none to pray;
The gulf before them—each, alone,
Must tread the trackless way.

O Saviour! hasten thou, and save;
Of these let it be said:
"They lie in that unfathomed grave,
With thy own faithful dead."

Christ revealeth the gospel. C. M.

BY N. COLVER.

God of the land and rolling flood,
Throughout thy wide domain,
Thy works proclaim the mighty God,
But *not* the Saviour's reign.

The raging storm, the heaving flood,
The sun that shines above,
Proclaim the wise and powerful God,
But not a Saviour's love.

The gospel only can impart
The knowledge of thy grace;
No light can reach and cheer the heart,
But from a Saviour's face.

O let the sons of ocean be
Converted to the Lord;
Then shall they bear to realms of death,
The knowledge of thy word.

Pilot on the deep. C. M.

Oh! Pilot, 'tis a fearful night,
There's danger on the deep;
I'll come and pace the deck with thee,
I do not dare to sleep.

"Go down," the sailor cried, "go down,
This is no place for thee;
Fear not, but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st be."

Oh, Pilot, dangers often met,
We all are apt to slight;
And thou hast known these raging waves
But to subdue their might.

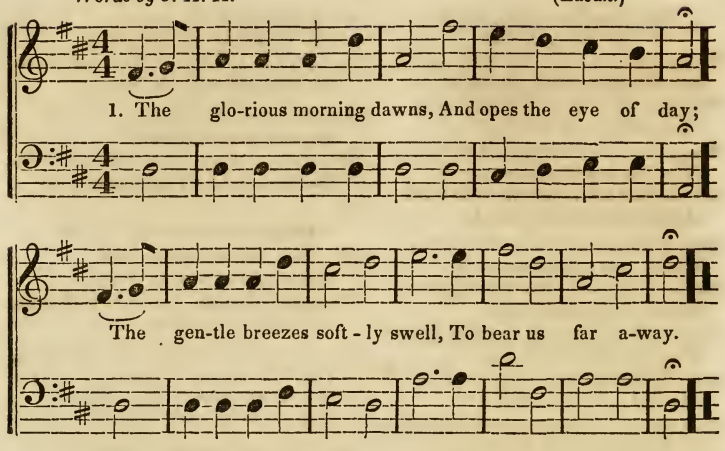
"It is not apathy," he cried,
"That gives this strength to me:
Fear not, but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st be.

On such a night the sea engulfed,
My father's lifeless form;
My only brother's boat went down,
In just so wild a storm.

And such perhaps may be my fate,
But still I say to thee,
Fear not, but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st be."

PARTING HYMN. S. M.

Words by J. H. H. (*Laban.*)



On ocean's treach'rous tide,
  Our bark must speed her way;—
Perchance contend with tempests wild,
  And lightning's vivid ray.

O, God in mercy hear,
  And thy rich blessings send;
Be thou around our devious way,
  Our guide and faithful friend.

And when life's voyage is o'er,—
  Its scenes forever past,
Around thy blissful throne above,
  May we appear at last.

Prayer at Sea. S. M. C. W. B.

Night cometh o'er the sea!—
  The stars are thick on high,
And every wave a casket is,
  Where their reflections lie.

Night o'er the treacherous sea!
  Who here shall see the light
Of the glad morn' when chased away
  Are all the mists of night?

Father! I bow to thee!
  I pray Thee guard my head,
While, sea-rocked, here I rest
  Upon a wandering bed.

Once, when the billows roll'd
  And rocked in midnight's hour,
Thy Son serenely trod the sea,
  And showed his wondrous power,

So guide us o'er the glassy deep—
  So watch our evening rest—
Or if we here must die,
  Grant we may join the blest.

Encouragement. S. M.

Your harps, ye trembling saints,
  Down from the willows take;
Loud, to the praise of love divine,
  Bid every string awake.

Though in a foreign land,
  We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above,
  We every moment come.

His grace will to the end
  Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
  Shall quench the spark divine.

The Saviour on the Sea. S. M.

BY A. JORDAN.

I'm bound upon the sea
  Where Jesus reigns supreme;
I leave the shore at his command,
  Forsaking all for him.

The billows of the sea,
  The rocks, the waves, the wind,
Are small, whatever they may be,
  To those I leave behind.

The Lord himself will keep
  His people safe from harm;
Will hold the helm, and guide the ship
  With his almighty arm.

The Death of the Righteous. S. M.

O for the death of those
  Who slumber in the Lord!
O, be like theirs my last repose,
  Like theirs my last reward!

Their bodies in the ground,
  In silent hope, may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
  Shall call them to the sky.

Their ransomed spirits soar,
  On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
  And reign with him above.

With us their names shall live
  Through long-succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
  Our praises and our tears.

O for the death of those
  Who slumber in the Lord!
O, be like theirs my last repose,
  Like theirs my last reward!

30 THERE'S SORROW ON THE DEEP. S. M.

Music by J. M. H. *Words by J. H. H.*

Slow, with expression.

1. A wail comes o'er the wave, And speaks of sighing there; It moans where billows never sleep, "There's sorrow on the deep," "There's sorrow on the deep."

Around the dying cot,
  Where raging fevers glow,
With bursting hearts fond shipmates weep,—
  "There's sorrow on the deep."

When threat'ning clouds appear,
  And winds and waves arise;
When o'er the main, wild tempests sweep,—
  "There's sorrow on the deep."

Great God of earth and skies
  In mercy deign to hear;
In danger's hour the sailor keep,—
  When "sorrow's on the deep."

Prayer for the Mariner. S. M.

BY MISS M. BALL.

Dear Saviour, teach our hearts
  To feel for those whose home
Is on the stormy ocean cast,
  Amid the tempest's foam.

When thunder peals around,
  And lightnings flash on high,
Oh cover them, and 'neath thy wing,
  Protected may they lie.

So shall they sing of Thee,
  And midst the calm rehearse
The great deliverance of thy hands,
  In humble grateful verse.

The Sailor's Prayer. S. M.

Father, the storm is loud,
  No light beams on our way,
Save when o'er yonder threat'ning cloud,
  The fearful lightnings play.

The frowning heavens above!
  The yawning deep below!
Far, far are those we fondly love
  Where can the Sailor go?

Father! to thee we turn,
  God of the earth and sea,
Our hearts are sad, our bosoms yearn,
  Our fears are known to thee.

O! let thine eye of love,
  Beam through the angry-storm,
And hope's bright image from above,
  Appear in dove-like form!

Father! to Thee we cry,
  God of the earth and sea,
Thy powerful arm is always nigh—
  Our hopes repose on Thee.

The Temperance Life Boat. S. M.

The storm is on the deep,
  The lightning hovers o'er
The seamen on the stricken mast,
  And raging breakers roar.

A cry of hope is heard,
  The Life-boat is at hand;
Again upon the steadfast shore
  The rescued sailors stand.

We see the raging tide
  Of double death—and send
Our Life boat in the simple Pledge,
  Which is the drunkard's friend.

To heaven we lift a prayer,
  And ply our watchful oar,
Convey him where his Saviour's praise,
  May greet him on the shore.

The Inebriate warned. S. M.

I heard a voice from heaven
  Address the thoughtless throng,
Who hasten downward to the tomb
  With revelry and song.

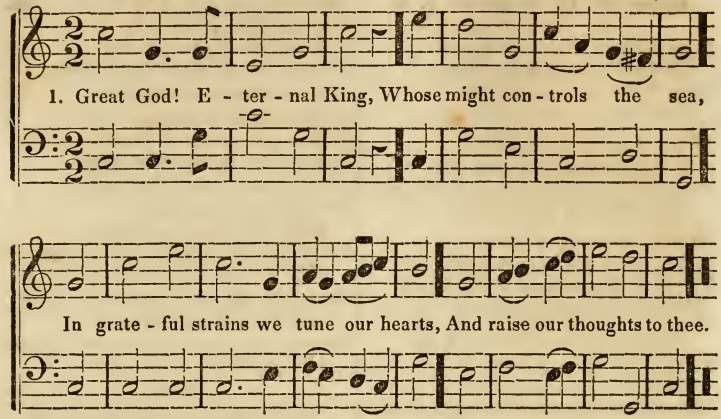
It warned them not to quench
  The deathless flame within,
And madly dare the fearful doom
  Of unrepented sin.

It warned them of the shame
  That haunts the drunkard's grave;
And of that leprosy of soul
  From which no skill can save.

I looked, and thousands fled
  The tempter's fatal snare;
But some were number'd with the dead,
  Who shall their doom declare?

THE SAILOR'S RETURN. S. M.

Words by J. H. H. (*Silver Street.*)



From all our toils and woes,
  And dangers on the main,
In kindness, O, Almighty God,
  We're safely moored again.

Around the sacred shrine,
  Of humble prayer and praise,
With kindred hearts we gladly join,
  And chant our grateful lays.

We sing thy mercies, Lord,
  And thy preserving care;
We near, our God, the mercy seat,
  And fervent worship there.

Attachment to the Church. S. M.
DWIGHT.

I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

I love thy church, O God;
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand, from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliverance bring.

Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Heavenly Joy on Earth. S. M.
WATTS.

Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known:
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high. [ground,

Active Piety. S. M. SIGOURNEY.

Laborers of Christ, arise,
And gird you for the toil;
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.

Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore;
And where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed lore.

Urge, with a tender zeal,
The erring child along
Where peaceful congregations kneel,
And pious teachers throng.

Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest,
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love
A mantle round your breast.

So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

SAILOR'S HOPE. H. M.

Words by J. H. H. (*Lenox.*)

1. Sai - lor, lift up thy voice, And cast thy thoughts a -

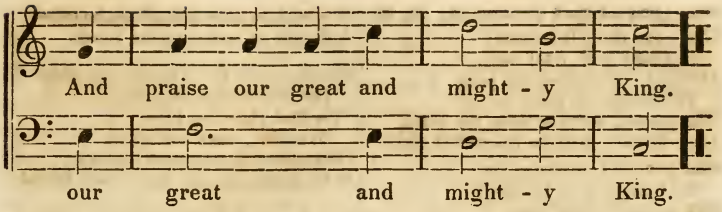
bove, Pro-claim a-far the joys Of Christ's re-deem-ing

love, With tune - ful hearts the

With tune - ful hearts the cho - rus sing, With

cho - rus sing, With tune-ful hearts the cho - rus sing

tune-ful hearts the cho - rus sing, And praise



Thy bark he'll safely guide
  O'er the raging, trackless deep,
And lull the swelling tide—
  Thy soul in mercy keep:
He is thy Pilot on the wave,
He will from all thy dangers save.

Then trust in him alone,
  When storms around thee roar,—
To the celestial throne,
  On faith's bright pinions soar:
He'll moor thee safe on Canaan's shore
Where storms shall beat and rage no more.

The Seaman's Friend. H. M.

BY REV. D. C. EDDY.

God is the seamen's friend,
  When in the house of prayer;
The knee with soul he bends,
  And pours his homage there.
God is the firm and constant friend,
While quick to heaven his prayers ascend.

God is the seaman's friend,
  While home he seeks for rest;
He doth his mercy lend,
  To make his hearth-side blest;
God gives him wife and child to love,
And balmy blessings from above.

God is the seaman's friend,
  When billows dash on high;
He doth the life-boat send,
  When storms and death are nigh;
'Tis God's own hand that doth provide,
For him who roams upon the tide.

My own Ship's Company. H. M.

BY CAPT. T. ATWOOD.

O! God of sailors, hear,
  While we before thee bend,
And answer this our prayer;
  On us thy spirit send;
We have no plea before thy throne,
But trust in thee by faith alone.

O, hear the sailor now
  Confess his sins and grief,
Melting before thee bow,
  Grant, grant him quick relief;
Wash and control with Jesus' blood,
And fill the soul with love to God.

Thy promise, Lord, is sure,
  We claim it as our own;
And praying, still endure,
  To wrestle at thy throne,
Till thou shalt say, "Now sailor live;
My blood to-day new life shall give."

The gifts of God perverted. H. M.

God gave the gift to man;
But man with fatal skill,
Devised and formed the plan
To change the good for ill:
The poison, tortured from the cane,
Like Samson hath its thousands slain.

God gave the golden grain
To hungry man for food;
But querulous and vain,
He spurn'd the proffer'd good:
And Egypt's slothful sons, athirst,
Drew forth the maddening beverage first.

God gave the clustering vine:
Ingenious man perverse,
Exchang'd the boon for wine,
And wrought fair Canaan's cure;
The patriarch, who had safely past
The deluge, was o'erwhelmed at last.

To earth the cup be hurled,
That holds an adder's sting;
And let us pledge the world
With nectar from the spring;
That hence, like Rechab's ancient line,
Tho' prophets urge, we drink no wine.

The Temperance Ship. H. M.

Speed, speed the temperance ship!
Ye winds fill every sail,
Behold her on the deep,
Outriding every gale,
The tempest's fury she out-braves,
And hosts of deathless drunkards saves.

Speed, speed the Temperance ship!
Who joins us in the cry?
Mothers may cease to weep,
Our ship is passing by:
We wish to take you all on board—
A freight of mercy to the Lord.

Speed, speed the Temperance ship!
For her we'll ever pray,
'Tis God alone can keep
In safety, night and day;
On him we'll evermore depend,
Who is the contrite drunkard's friend.

Speed, speed the Temperance ship!
Ye young and aged shout,
Behold her o'er the deep,
With all her streamers out,
Bound for the true tee-total shore—
Where streams of death are drank no more

Temperance Hymn. 7s & 6s.

LYRE.

How long shall virtue languish,
How long shall folly reign,
While many a heart with anguish
Is weeping o'er the slain?

How long shall dissipation
Her deadly waters pour,
Throughout this favored nation,
Her millions to devour?

We hail with joy unceasing
The band whose pledge is given,
Whose numbers are increasing
Amid the smiles of Heaven.

Their virtues, never failing,
Shall lead to brighter days,
Where holiness, prevailing,
Shall fill the earth with praise.

"Only this Once." L. M.

"Only this once;" the wine-cup glowed,
All sparkling with its ruby ray;
The bacchanalian welcome flowed,
And folly made the revel gay.

Then he, so long, so deeply warned,
The sway of conscience rashly spurned;
His promise of repentance scorned,
And, coward-like, to vice returned.

"Only this once;"—the tale is told;
He wildly quaffed the poisonous tide;
With more than Esau's madness, sold
The birthright of his soul, and died.

Again his eyes the landscape viewed;
His limbs again their burden bore;
And years their wonted course renewed,
But hope and peace returned no more.

The deceitfulness of drink. C. M.

Drink has a thousand treach'rous arts
To practice on the mind;
With flattering looks it tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.

With *boasted virtues* it deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedless wretch believes,
It makes his fetters strong.

It pleads for all the joys it brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
And chains it down to sense.

Thanks be to God! we now perceive
The tempter's fatal snare;
We will *not drink*, we will *not give*,
But bid mankind *beware*.

Intemperance. 8s & 7s. SIGOURNEY.

There's a draught that causeth sadness,
Though of mirth it seems the friend,
To the brain it mounts in madness,
And in folly hath its end.

'Neath its sway the sailor reeleth,
Helpless, abject and forlorn;
All his good resolves it stealeth,
Every duty bids him scorn.

Gives the reckless power to fleece him,
All his hard-earned wages keep,
Or unwillingly release him
From worse shipwreck than the deep.

There's a draught that heaven distilleth,
Pure as crystal from the skies,
Freely, whosoever willeth,
May partake it, and be wise.

Goodness of God. 7s.

Gracious God, to thee belong,
Songs of praises ever more;
Wilt thou hear our grateful song,
While thy goodness we adore.

Thou hast kindly deigned to bless,
Every effort we have made;
Crowned our labors with success,
And the course of evil stayed.

Fervent praise we give to thee,
Thou, our counsellor and friend,
Wilt thou still our guardian be,
Still thine aid and blessing lend.

Ordered by thy sovereign will,
Guided by thy mighty hand,
May the cause of Temperance, still
Spread triumphant through our land.

The Saviour Asleep. C. M.
BY MISS M. BALL. (Balerma.)

But as they sailed He fell asleep,
And on the sea there came
A storm of wind, whose furious sweep
No vessel could sustain.

They haste in terror to his side,
"Lord, save us from the storm,"
He rose, the furious, swelling tide
Beheld its Maker's form.

And sank as childhood sinks to rest,
Upon its mother's knee,
The winds to softest whispers lulled,
Seemed lost in ecstacy.

That voice, its cadence was the same,
As when of old it fell
On their chaotic waves, and gave
Their form, their rise, their swell.

So Mariner in every hour,
Call on his name who saves,
And thou shalt hear when dangers lower,
His voice who calms the waves.

Midnight Prayer. 8s & 7s. M B.

Hark! upon the midnight air,
Comes the voice of grateful prayer,
'Tis the hour when sailors keep
Lonely watches on the deep.

All alone he kneels to pray,
To his God, whose trackless way,
Lieth where the boisterous sea,
Uttereth its symphony.

Heaven attends the sailor's prayer,
God our God is with him there,
And though midnight reigns around,
He a Bethel there hath found.

Deliverance from danger. 7s.
BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Ruler of the earth and sky,
Who the mighty deep doth hold
In the hollow of Thy hand,
By thy slightest word controlled;

Who the stormy winds dost curb,
Rushing on their midnight path,
And the reeling vessel save
From the tempest of their wrath;

Thou from shipwreck and despair
Didst our souls in safety set,
When all human help was vain,
May we ne'er thy love forget;

Ne'er the tender mercy grieve,
That upheld us when we prayed,
Nor the sacred promise break,
That in danger's hour we made.

Be not afraid. 7s. (Watchman tell us.)
BY MISS M. BALL.

Tossing on a stormy sea,
Lay the men of Gallilee,
Loud and fiercely blew the wind,
Fear oppressed each anxious mind.

But in peril's darkest hour,
He was near of mighty power,
And in accents sweet He said,
"It is I, be not afraid!"

Timid ones, oppressed with fear,
Know ye not that He is near,
Who sublimely walked the wave,
All omnipotent to save?

Cheer thee, Mariner,—Good cheer!
As a spirit He is near;
Fear thee not, for He hath said,
"It is I, be not afraid!"

The Soul. C. M.

How beautiful the setting sun!
The clouds how bright and gay!
The stars, appearing one by one,
How beautiful are they!

And when the moon climbs up the sky,
And sheds her gentle light,
And hangs her crystal lamp on high,
How beautiful is night!

And can it be I am possessed
Of something brighter far?
Glows there a light within this breast
Outshining every star?

Yes: should the sun and stars turn pale,
The mountains melt away,
This flame within shall never fail,
But live in endless day.

The Jubilee. C. M.

What heavenly music do I hear,
Salvation sounding free!
Ye souls in bondage lend an ear,
This is the Jubilee.

Good news, good news to Adam's race,
Let Christians all agree;
To sing redeeming love and grace,
This is the Jubilee.

The gospel sounds a sweet release,
To all in misery,
And bids them welcome home to peace,
This is the Jubilee.

Jesus is on the mercy seat,
Before him bend the knee,
Let heaven and earth his praise repeat,
This is the Jubilee.

Sinners be wise, return and come,
Unto the Saviour flee;
The Saviour bids you welcome home,
This is the Jubilee.

Come ye redeemed, your tribute bring,
With songs of harmony,
While on the road to Canaan sing,
This is the Jubilee.

A Psalm of Life. 8s & 7s.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts tho' stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sand of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Marriage Hymn. L. M. P. S.

With glowing hearts great God, our King,
Help us in joyous strains to sing,
And celebrate thy boundless love,
For sacred rights, from Heaven above,

When man, lone man, in Eden's bower,
Was musing on creative power,
And nature smiling with delight,
And all was lovely in His sight;

Before one *groan* had rent the air,
When God-like man was free from care,
A voice from the Celestial Throne
Says, "It is not good to be alone."

A "help meet" then for man He made,
To cheer his heart, and lend him aid;
While sailing o'er the sea of time,
By mutual love and strength combined.

Congenial spirits! may you glide,
In *union sweet* o'er life's rough tide,
And each arrayed in that bright land
In marriage robes at God's right hand.

There, those will meet who highly prize
The wedding garment of the wise,
Saints, like the angels, there will be,
In that sweet home—ETERNITY.

Flight of Time. S. M.

Another day is past,
The hours forever fled,
And time is bearing us away
To mingle with the dead.

Our minds in perfect peace
Our Father's care shall keep;
We yield to gentle slumber now,
For thou canst never sleep.

How blessed, Lord, are they
On thee securely stayed!
Nor shall they be in life alarmed,
Nor be in death dismayed.

Sabbath Evening Hymn. C. M.

BY MRS L. H. SIGOURNEY.

We thank thee, Father, for the day
That, robed in twilight sweet,
Doth linger ere it pass away,
And lead us to thy feet.

We thank thee for its healing rest
To weary toil and care;
Its praise, within thy temple blest—
Its holy balm of prayer.

Forgive us, if with spirit cold,
We breathed the murmurer's moan,
Or failed to grasp the chain of gold,
That links us to thy throne.

O grant, that when this span of life
In evening shade shall close,
And all its vanity and strife
Tend to their long repose,

We, for the sake of Him who died,
Our Advocate and Friend,
May share that Sabbath at thy side
Which never more shall end.

All one in Christ, S. M. BEDDOME.

Let party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread:
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ, their Head.

Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found—
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of endless pleasure flow,
And every heart is love.

Christ calms the Sea. L. M. 6 lines.
Matt. viii. 24—26.
BY REV. J. H. CLINCH.

Thou who didst hear thy children cry,
When winds were fierce and waves were high,
O hear us from Thy throne of power,
In peril's dark and deadly hour,
Still stretch Thy hand across the wave,
The Sailor cheer, support and save.

And on the dangerous voyage of life,
Where passions rage with tempest strife,
Where waves of sin and floods of woe,
Around our hearts resistless flow,
O speak the potent word of peace,
And cause the winds and waves to cease.

When hidden rocks of Doubt are near,
And Error's dangerous shoals appear;
When strong temptation's current bears
Our Souls' frail barque to secret snares,
O, from eternal shipwreck save,
And guide us, Saviour, o'er the wave.

And when the voyage of life is o'er,
And sin and sorrow press no more,
When from its home the spirit flies
To God's eternal mysteries,
May all its ravished senses thrill
With thy blest message, 'Peace, be still!'

The Pearl Fish. L. M. P. S.

A sand unconscious is removed,
By heaving ocean from its bed;
Into an oyster's mouth it glides,
And there perchance it safe abides.

It much annoys and causes pain;
The knowing fish applies a slime,
And thus prevents its chafing power;
So pearls are formed, which queens admire.

If mortals thus would imitate,
This fish they oft with pleasure eat,
And turn their trials into pearls,
They would enjoy more of the smiles

Of Christ, the glorious, priceless Pearl,
When foaming, dashing billows roll;
With pearls adorned, which shall endure
When ocean's pearls are won no more.

Divine Help. C. M. (Psalm cvii.)
BY REV. J. H. CLINCH.

Seamen on mountain waves are rolled,
Their fearful business keep,
These men, O Lord, Thy works behold,
Thy wonders on the deep.

When at Thy word the tempests rise,
And furious whirlwinds rave,
Wildly the trembling vessel flies,
And labours in the wave.

Now down to gloomy depths they go,
Now mount the watery hill,—
Helpless they stagger to and fro,
And vain is human skill.

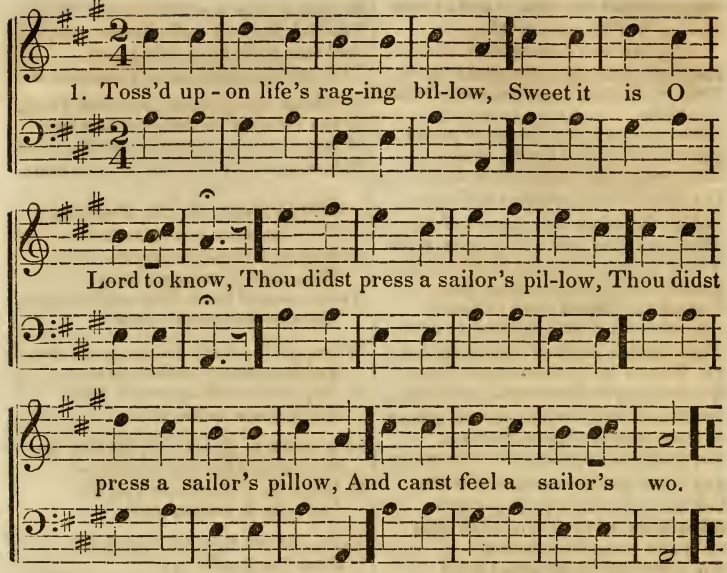
Then upward from the raging sea
Rises the fearful cry—
"Save, Lord, we perish but for Thee,
Swift to our succour fly!"

He hears—the sea is smooth again—
The Heavens are bright above:—
O that the thoughtless sons of men
Would bless such mighty love!

Lord, give us hearts thy name to praise,
When threatened dangers flee,
And O, may all our future days
Be yielded up to Thee!

SAILOR'S HYMN. 8s & 7s.

(*Bounding Billows.*)



Thou canst calm the raging ocean,
  All its noise and tumult still;—
Hush the tempest's wild commotion,
Hush the tempest's wild commotion,
  At the bidding of thy will.

Thus my heart, the hope will cherish,
  While to thee I lift mine eye;
Thou wilt save me ere I perish,
Thou wilt save me ere I perish,
  Thou wilt, hear the sailor's cry.

Let Me Go. 8s & 7s. WM. BAXTER.

Let me go; my soul is weary
Of the chain which binds it here;
Let my spirit bend its pinion
To a brighter, holier sphere. [me
Earth, 'tis true, hath friends who bless
With their fond and faithful love;
But the hand of angels beckon
Me to brighter climes above,

Let me go; for earth hath sorrow,
Sin, and pain, and bitter tears;
All its paths are dark and dreary—
All its hopes are fraught with fears;
Short-lived are its brightest flowers,
Soon its cherished joys decay;
Let me go; I fain would leave it
For the realms of endless day.

Homeward Bound. 8s & 7s.

Whither goest thou sailor stranger,
Roaming o'er the raging main?
Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger,
And will not thy toils be vain?
"No, I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

Storms may gather wild around thee,
Winds and waves their wrath unite;
Then will not dread fear astound thee,
Veil thy hopes in darkest night.
No, I'm bound, &c.

Storm at Sea. 8s & 7s. J. H. H.

Dark and fearful clouds appearing,
Spread their mantling forms around,
Deep'ning, black'ning, and careering,
Veiling earth in gloom profound;
Howling winds in fury driven,
Fiercely rage and loudly roar,
Rending earth and shaking heaven,
With their rude and frantic power.

Sadly heaves the mighty ocean,
Far its moaning voice resounds,
As the tempest's wild commotion,
O'er its restless bosom sweeps;
Billows mighty upward tending,
Raise their crested heads on high,
Foaming, dashing and descending,
Delving sea and spanning sky.

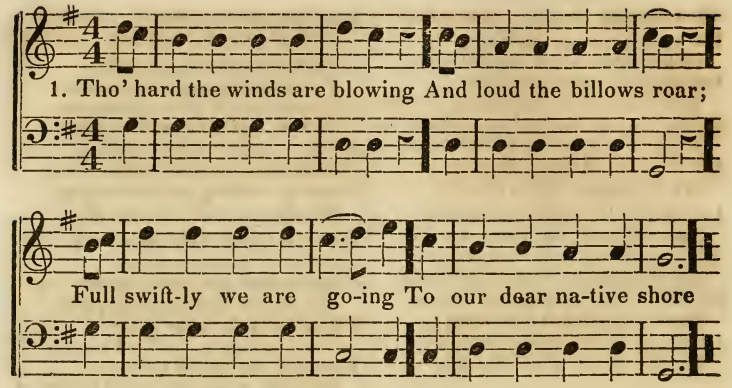
Hoarse the deep-toned thunders pealing,
Roll afar in sullen wrath,
Flash on flash the lightnings stealing,
Fitful trace their glowing path;
Then the hardy sailor gazes
O'er the raging, troubled waves,
Fervently his cry he raises,
While the tempest's power he braves.

The Saviour's Invitation. 8s & 7s.

Toilworn Sailor, come and welcome,
To my glorious feast of love,
I now stand with arms extended,
Calling you to joys above;
I will light thee o'er life's ocean;
By the Star of glory bright;
Fill thy heart with peace and rapture;
Plume thy soul with wings of light.

When the voyage of life is over,
Then you'll launch upon that sea,
Clear as crystal are its waters,
Placid will its bosom be—
Can you still resist my spirit?
Can you slight my love and grace?
Must you perish in your blindness?
Come and run the heavenly race.

P. S.



The billows breaking o'er us,
  The storms that round us swell,
Are aiding to restore us
  To all we loved so well.

So sorrow often presses
  Life's mariner along;
Afflictions and distresses
  Are gales and billows strong.

The sharper and severer
  The storm of life we meet,
The sooner and the nearer
  Is Heaven's eternal seat.

Come then, afflictions dreary,
  Sharp sickness pierce my breast;
You only bear the weary
  More quickly home to rest.

The Child on the Sea. 7s & 6s. P. S.

Just launched upon the ocean,
  Where billows madly rise,
And gloomy clouds are frowning,
  And veil youth's radiant skies.

Each child's frail bark is sailing
  Upon life's raging deep,
But winds and waves assail them,
  They sigh and groan and weep.

Behold! upon this ocean,
  A life-boat sweetly rides;
Its saving shipwrecked children,
  While o'er the sea it glides.

Kind teachers in this Life-boat,
  Sail round you with delight,
From wo and death to save you,
  They point where all is bright

The Saviour is this Life-boat,
  From heaven he came to save,
He walked upon the ocean,
  And calmed the mountain wave.

His arms embrace dear children,
  For them he shed his blood;
And died for your redemption;
  Behold! the Lamb of God!

Life rapidly passing away. 7s & 6s.
S. F. SMITH.

As flows the rapid river,
  With channel broad and free,
Its waters rippling ever,
  And hasting to the sea.

So life is onward flowing,
  And days of offered peace,
And man is swiftly going
  Where calls of mercy cease.

As moons are ever waning,
  As hastes the sun away;
As stormy winds, complaining,
  Bring on the wintry day.

So fast the night comes o'er us—
  The darkness of the grave;
And death is just before us:
  God takes the life he gave.

Say, hath thy heart its treasure
  Laid up in worlds above?
And is it all thy pleasure
  Thy God to praise and love?

Beware, lest death's dark river
  Its billows o'er thee roll,
And thou lament forever
  The ruin of thy soul.

Speak to the Sailor. 7s & 6s. P. S.

Go, speak to that brave seaman,
  He has a generous heart—
Your winning words may lead him
  To choose a "better part."

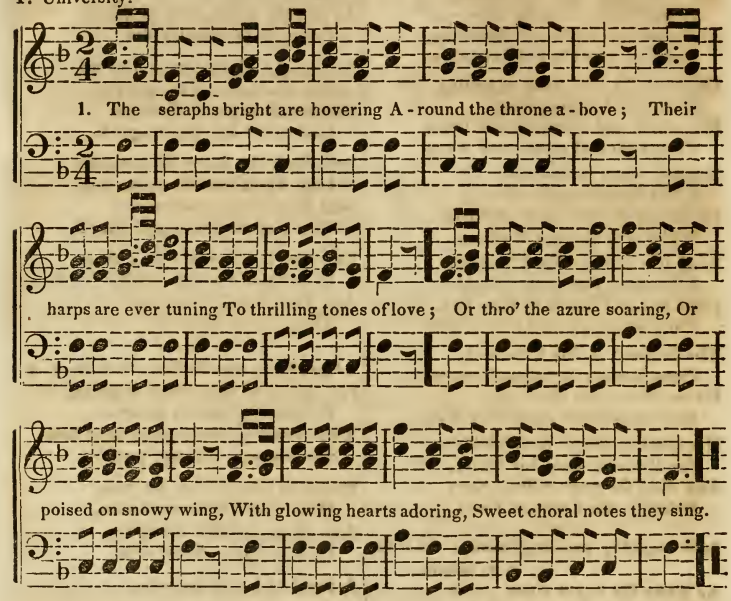
Speak to him of that Saviour,
  Who died and arose again,
And chose his first disciples,
  From sailors—fishermen.

A thrill of joy in heaven,
  Among that holy throng,
While angel-harps are ringing,
  And swell the pleasing song.

The lost has found the Saviour;
  The wanderer has come home;
"A *word* was *fitly* spoken,"
  Is *echoed round the throne.*

BETHEL. 7s & 6s.

This piece of music is respectfully dedicated to Rev. P. Stow, Pastor of the Boston Baptist Bethel Society, by Wm. Lock Brown, late Musical Director at N. Y. University.



From earth is daily rising
  A rich, harmonious song,
From sunny, perfumed flowers
  By breezes borne along.
From hills in sunlight glittering,
  From smooth, deep emerald seas,
A cloud of praise is rising,
  Like incense on the breeze.

And childhood's voice is chanting
  A full, harmonious song;
When morning light is breaking,
  Or evening sweeps along.
For should we fail proclaiming
  Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming
  Would their hosannas raise.

Prayer for Missionaries while on their Voyage. 7s & 6s. WORCESTER'S SEL.

Roll on, thou mighty ocean
  And as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
  To every vale of woe:
Arise, ye gales, and waft them
  Safe to their distant shore;
That men may sit in darkness
  And death's deep shade no more.

O thou Eternal Ruler,
  Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
  Deliver them from harm!
Thy presence still be with them
  Wherever they may be;
Though far from those who love them,
  Let them be nigh to thee.

Confidence in God 7s & 6s.

MONTGOMERY.

God is my strong salvation;
  What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
  My light, my help, is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
  Firm in the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
  With God at my right hand?

Place on the Lord reliance;
  My soul, with courage, wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
  When faint and desolate;
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
  His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
  The Lord will give thee peace.

We are scattered. 8, 7, 6.

BY W. H. BURLEIGH.

We are scattered—we are scattered—
  Though a joyful band were we!
Some sleep beneath the green-sod,
  And some are in the sea.
And time hath wrought his changes
  On the few who yet remain;
The joyous band that once we were
  We cannot be again!

We are scattered—we are scattered!
  Yet may we meet again,
In a brighter and a purer sphere,
  Beyond the reach of pain!
Where the shadow of this lower world
  Can never cloud the eye—
When the mortal hath put brightly on
  Its *immortality!*

Come to the Waters. 7s & 6s.

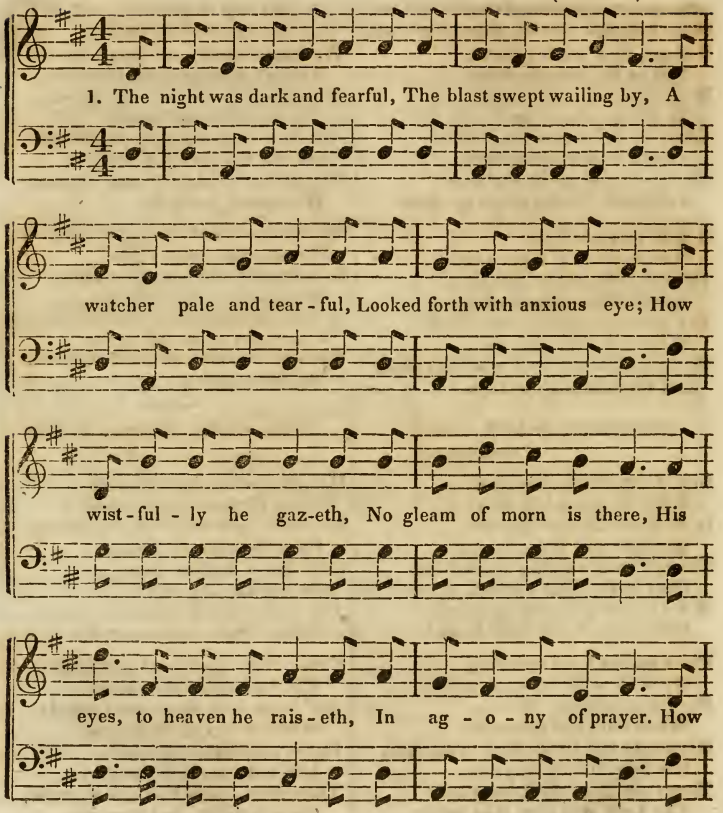
J. B. HAGUE.

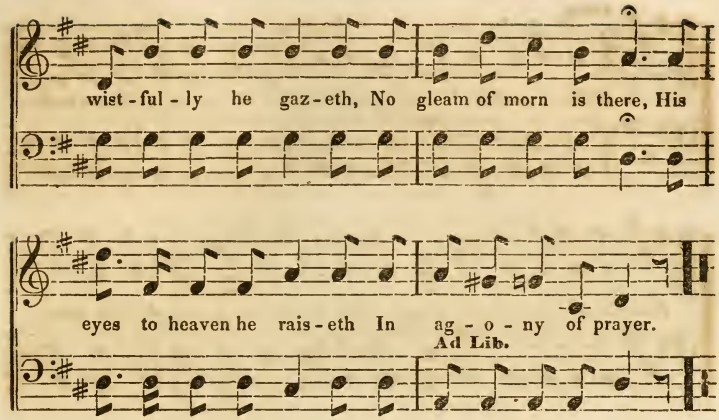
Ho! every one that thirsteth,
  Come to the waters, come;
See life's pure stream—it bursteth
  From the eternal throne.
See! like a mighty river,
  Its crystal tide rolls by;
Thy soul haste to deliver!
  Come, drink, and never die.

Come, then, thou poor and needy;
  Thy God will freely bless;
And haste with steps most speedy,
  While mercy gives access;
For as a mountain torrent,
  Life's stream is dashing by;
Then come, thou hast full warrant;
  Come quickly, lest thou die.

THE SICK CABIN BOY. 7s & 6s.

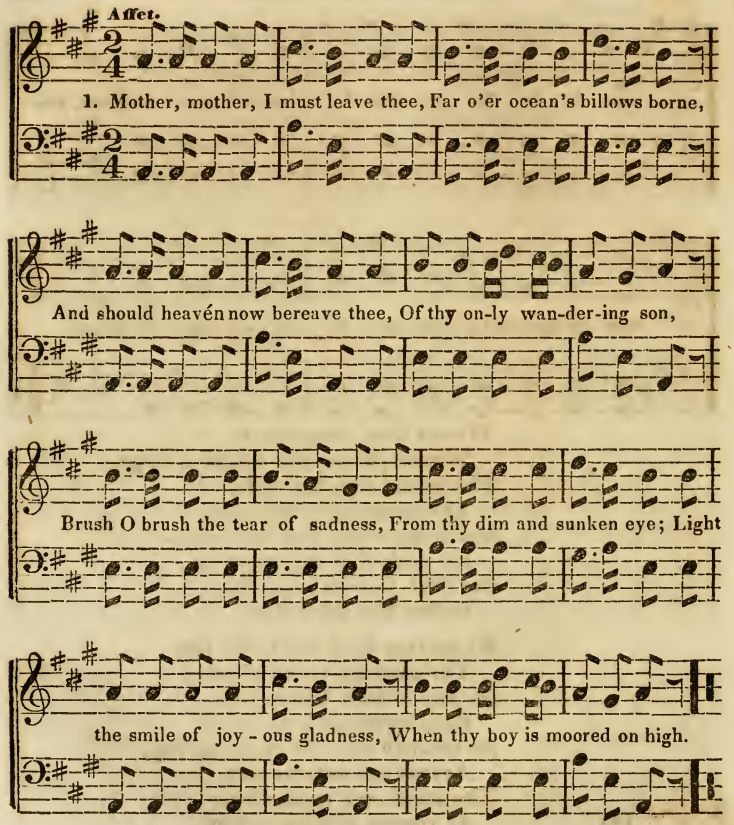
(*Watcher.*)





Within that cabin lonely,
  Where gloom and sickness reign,
The sailor boy, the only,
  Lay moaning in his pain,—
And death alone can free him—
  He feels that this must be,
But Oh! for one to see him,
  Before the spirit flee.

No mother kind wept o'er him
  The gushing tears of love;
No ray of hope before him,
  Save dawning joys above,
As beamed afar the morning ray,
  Across the eastern sky,
The spirit saw its dawning
[4] In realms of bliss on high.


Affet.
1. Mother, mother, I must leave thee, Far o'er ocean's billows borne,
And should heavén now bereave thee, Of thy on-ly wan-der-ing son,
Brush O brush the tear of sadness, From thy dim and sunken eye; Light
the smile of joy - ous gladness, When thy boy is moored on high.

Storms may gather wild above me,
  Angry waves their fury pour,
Yet my mother, I will love thee,
  While the winds and surges roar;—
Think of scenes in childhood's weakness,
  When I shared thy tender care,—
Bowed the knee in humble meekness,
  Gladly breathed my evening prayer.

Though in distant lands I'm bending,
  Low beneath a sultry sky;—
When my mother's prayer's ascending,
  And her spirit's hovering nigh,—
Then thy smile shall ever cheer me,
  Be my solace and my joy;—
Then I'll joy that thou'rt near me,
  Pleading for thy sailor boy.

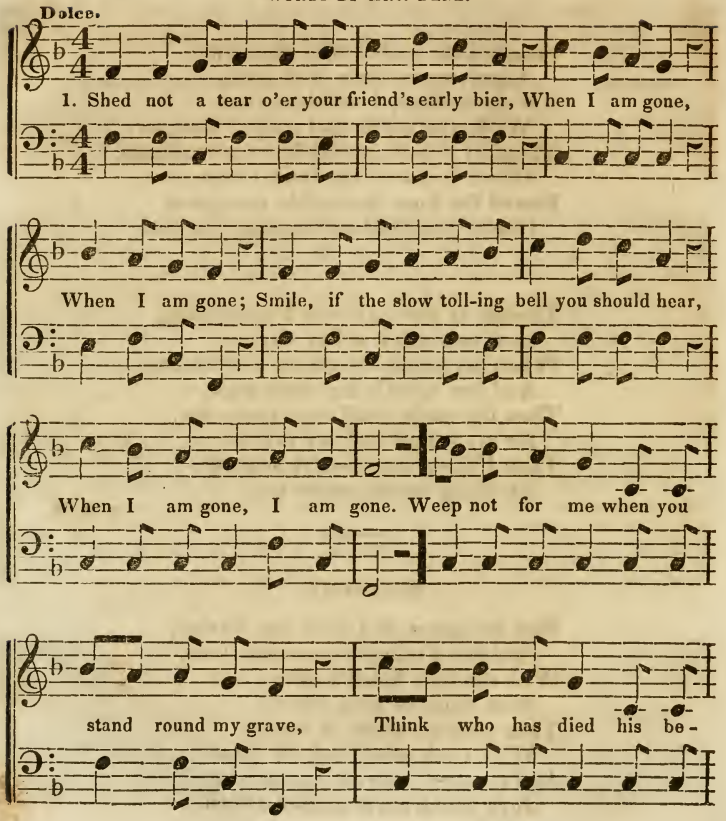
J. H. H.

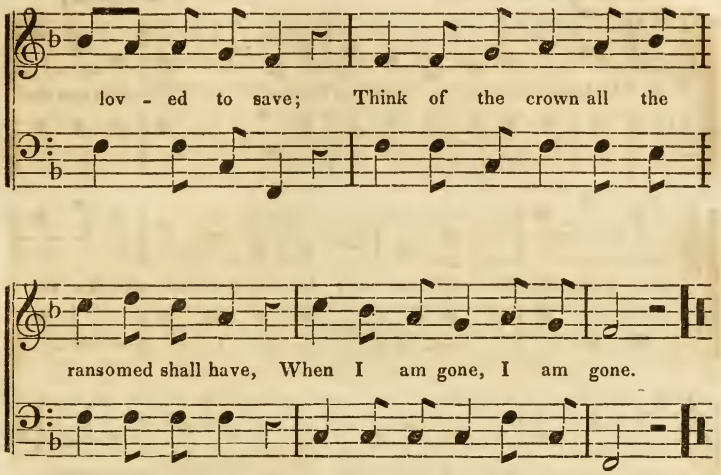
DOXOLOGY.

May the grace of Christ our Savior,
  And the Father's boundless love,
With the holy Spirit's favor,
  Rest upon us from above;
Thus may we abide in union,
  With each other and the Lord:
And possess in sweet communion,
  Joys which earth cannot afford.

SAILOR BOY'S EARLY GRAVE. P. M.

WORDS BY MRS. DANA.





Plant ye a tree which may wave over me,
  When I am gone, when I am gone;
Sing me a song, if my grave you should see,
  When I am gone, I am gone.
Come at the close of a bright summer's day,
Come when the sun sheds his last lingering ray,
Come and rejoice that I thus pass'd away,
  When I am gone, I am gone.

THE LIGHT SHIP. 11s.

Words by A. M. Edmond. *(Christ in the Garden.)*

1. The Light Ship! how welcome the beacon to me When wild was the tem - pest, And dark was the sea; It soothed my sad spir - it's tu- mul - tu - ous fear, And told me the ha - ven I longed for was near.

I saw it again in the calm silent hour,
When twilight descends with mysterious power,
And the moonlight fell soft on the eddying wave,
That rolled o'er the mariner's sea-girt grave

Then shone in the distance the Light Ship afar,
And paled, with its lustre, the glow of the star,—
The small, silver star, that with tremulous eye,
Looked down on the sea from its home in the sky.

How blest was the beacon! how lovely it seemed,
As its watch-fires of crimson unceasingly gleamed,
Sweet assurance of safety in moments of calm,
And in seasons of peril a safeguard from harm.

O, would, that while sailing on life's stormy sea,
The Star of Religion my beacon might be,
To warn me of danger, to soothe me in fear,
And tell me the haven I long for is near.

"O pray for the Sailor." 11s.

BY MRS. P. H. BROWN.

O pray for the sailor, now far on the billow,
O think of his hardships, temptation and pain;
His home is the ocean, the hammock his pillow,
He toils for our pleasure, his loss is our gain.

While we are securely and peacefully sleeping,
He stands at the helm, and his duty performs;
Now, walking the deck, and his painful watch keeping,
Or sits at the mast head 'mid perils and storms.

O pray for the sailor, to banishment driven,
Enduring privation, oppression and care,
Shut out from the gospel, a stranger to heaven,
The victim of vice, and a prey to despair.

And while we thus pray for the sons of the ocean,
A kind peaceful Home to him must be given,
The Mariners' Bethel allure to devotion,
The Bible and Preacher direct him to heaven.

Look Above. 11s.

In the tempest of life, when th' wave and the gale
Is round and above, if thy footing should fail,
If thine eye should grow dim, and caution depart,
Look above! and be firm, be fearless of heart.

If th' friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy, a tear for each wo,
Should betray, when sorrow like clouds are arrayed,
Look above! to friendship that never shall fade.

THE APPEAL. 14s & 12s.

Words by Mrs. C. T. Putnam. (*The morning light is breaking.*)

1. From many a no-ble ves - sel that ploughs the mountain wave,

From many a thronged fore-castle where crowd the reckless brave,

From many a gal-lant whaler, that lies a hope-less wreck,

Where clings the dy - ing sai - lor to mast, or spar, or deck;

From darker scenes of evil that meet him on the shore,
Where vice and ruin revel at many an open door
The seaman's cry is sounding in ev'ry listening ear,
The Christian landsmen rousing to bring salvation near.

Shall we who dwell securely at ease upon the land,
And taste those blessings freely that rise on every hand—
Shall we forget the sailor, that ploughs for us the deep,
And for the landsman's favor their painful vigils keep?

Shall we who feast so richly on Zion's choicest stores,
For whom so full and freely she opens all her doors,
Withhold in cruel hardness the help we might extend,
And to the spirit's sadness the news of peace not send?

O for the Spirit's fire to warm each Christian's heart,
A gracious zeal inspire, a love and strength impart!
Then shall the songs of gladness from Bethel temples rise,
And they that mourn in sadness, send praises to the skies.

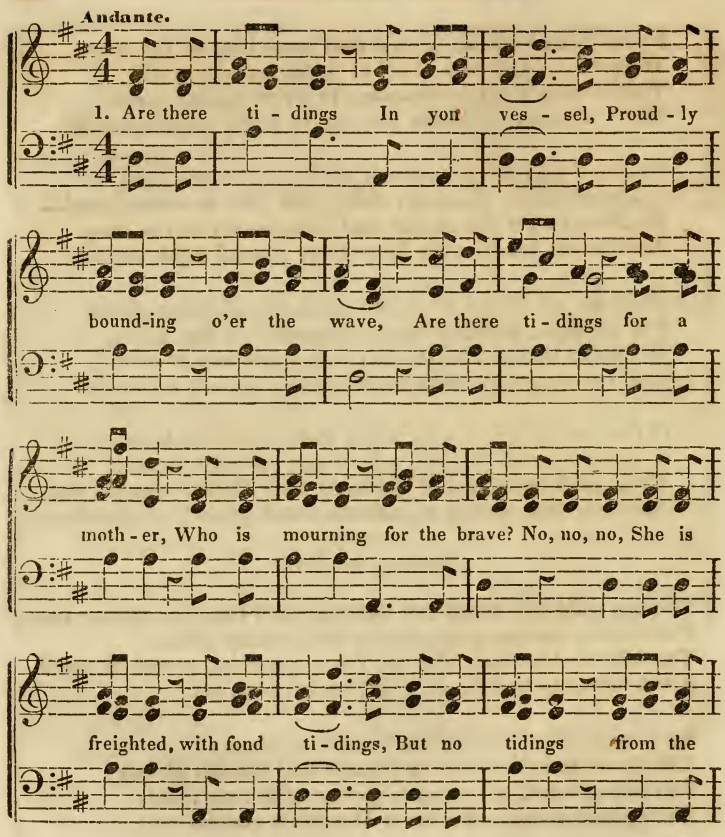
Driving to Port.

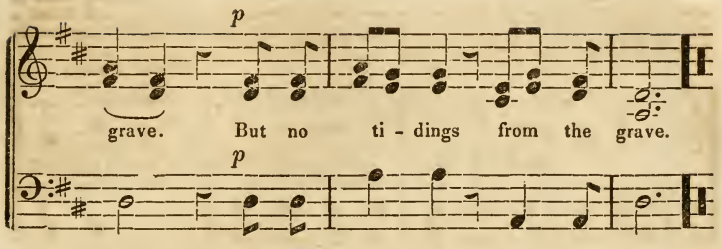
Though hard the winds are blowing, and loud the billows roar,
Full swiftly we are going to our dear native shore:
The billows breaking o'er us, the storms that round us swell,
Are bidding to restore us to all we loved so well.

So sorrow often presses life's mariner along;
Afflictions and distresses are gales and billows strong:
The sharper and severer the storms of life we meet,
The sooner and the nearer is Heaven's eternal seat.

ARE THERE TIDINGS. P. M.

C. E. HORN.





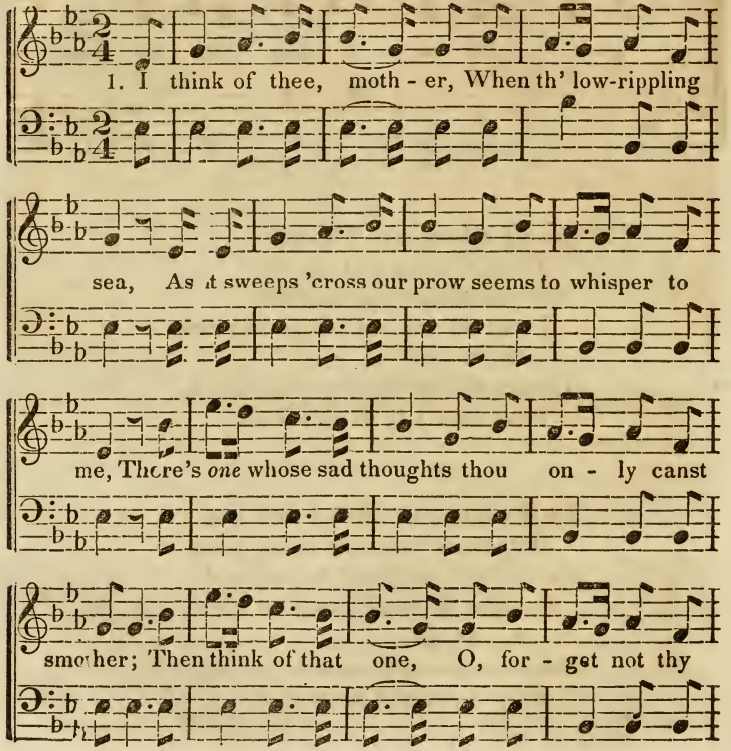
Do not ask me why I hasten
  To each vessel that appears,
Why so anxious and so wildly
  I wait the cherished hope of years,
    No, no, no,
Though my search prove unavailing,
  What have I to do with tears.

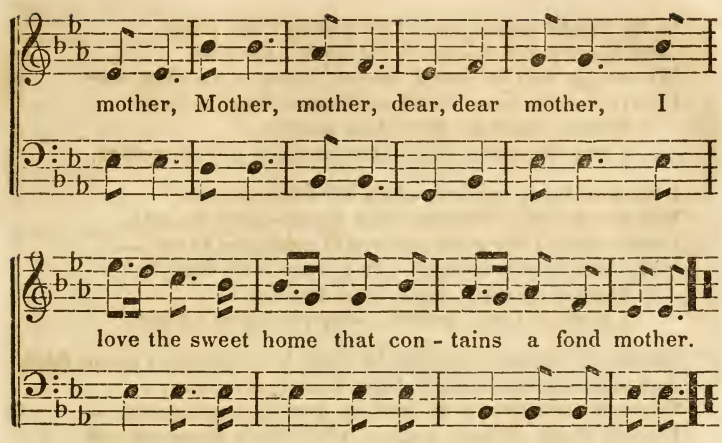
Do not blame me when I seek him,
  With these worn and weary eyes,
Can you tell me where he perished,
  Can you show me where he lies?
    No, no, no,
Yet there surely is some to record,
  When a youthful sailor dies.

VOICE FROM THE OCEAN.

The following beautiful poem was written by D. Radford, to his mother, while at sea. In a few months after it was written, he fell from the yard-arm, and found a watery grave. He was a native of Boston, and the fond mother still survives to mourn the loss of an affectionate son.

(*Sweet Home.*)





I think of thee, too, when there's nought to be seen
Of the land I love best, and its bright sunny green;
When th' mirror-like surface of th' pure crystal water,
Reflects to my fancy *thine image*, my mother.
Mother, mother, dear, dear mother,
I love the sweet home that contains a fond mother

When th' deep voice of thunder, and th' hoarse winds I hear.
'Mid the bright lightning's flash, that illumines the sphere,
My thoughts often tell me the heart of another
Ne'er possesses the feelings expressed by a mother.
Mother, mother, dear, dear mother,
I love the sweet home that contains a fond mother.

In th' bright sunny land of th' Italian's fair clime,
'Mid beauty and splendor, I'd hasten the time
My voyage will be ended, and th' home of another,——
I leave for the *home* which contains a fond mother.
Mother, mother, dear, dear mother,
I love the sweet home that contains a fond mother.

I think of thee, mother, when hardship attends,
When far o'er th' ocean, from dearly-loved friends,
Each voice of the sea-breeze still murmurs to me,—
"O, think of thy mother! her prayer is for thee."
Mother, mother, fond, fond mother,
I think of thee, mother,—thy prayer is for me.

Should th' dreams wrought by fancy's conjectures prove false,
And some foreign malady then deaden my pulse,—
Were my sentence held forth in death's cruel grasp,—
I would think of thee, mother, while life's moments last.
Mother, mother, fond, fond mother,
I would think of thee, mother, while life's moments last.

When our barque is enshrouded by th' dark shade of night,
As she seeks her rough path by th' phosphoric light,—
On th' wild-dancing waves, that seem chasing each other,
My thoughts are all wandering to th' home of my mother.
Mother, mother, kind, kind mother,
My thoughts are all wandering to the home of my mother.

I think of thee always, though time, in its flight,
Has taken thy home and thy form from my sight;
Though long, weary days of toiling are mine,
My heart's meditations and thoughts are all thine.
Mother, mother, kind, kind mother,
My heart's meditations and thoughts are all thine.

Power of a Mother's Name. 10s.

The following lines were suggested on reading a touching incident related of a convict just entering Sing Sing prison, who seemed to be regardless of the pertinent interrogatories of the kindhearted warden, till the name of his mother fell upon his guilty ears. The name of his parent filled his soul with the deepest emotions of sorrow, and he implored the warden not to 'mention her name in that dreadful place! Do what you may with me, but don't mention *that* name to me!'

There's magic power in a mother's name,
To kindle souls into a glowing flame;
It bids the waves of wo or joy to roll,
In all their might, upon a deathless soul.

Behold, the convict stands with form erect,
Gaily attired; who would this youth suspect,
That one so brilliant could so tho'tless be,
And plunge himself in crime's dark raging sea?

Buoyant and reckless his replies were made
While in his eyes, and o'er his features played
A scornful smile, till the kind warden spoke
His mother's name; then, then, his heart was broke.

His mother's name unlocks the fount of tears;
He calls to mind the sunny months and years,
When on his cheek the kiss of love was given,
By her whose heart with anguish now is riven.

'My mother's name! O utter not that sound!
Now guilt's dark pall my brightest hopes surrounds;
A name too sweet to echo in this place;
Where the mute walls now trumpet my disgrace.

Load me with fetters, let me toil in pain,
But mention not that balmy precious name,
Let 'grievous words' fall on my guilty soul,
Soft words molest—and bid dark billows roll.

'My mother's name! it brings with vivid power
Her slighted counsels, (mother's richest dower,)
Bestowed in vain upon her wayward son,
Whose course in folly, has to ruin run,

'O that my mind in fetters could be bound;
But this, alas! can never be confined;
It soars above my massive prison walls,
And bids me hear my mother's winning calls.

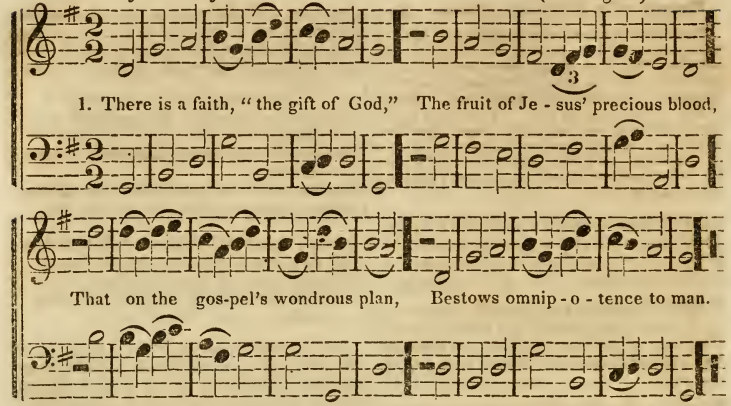
'Her mellow voice now lingers on my ears,
And oft will make the bitter, scalding tears
In torrents from my youthful eyes to flow,
While musing on my cup of gall and wo.

'Mother, thy name is precious, while it brings
Remorse of conscience, with its thousand stings;
Though dismal clouds around my pathway are,
Yet on this path there shines one *lovely* Star.

'In angel robes, my mother, you will come,
To cheer my spirit in my gloomy home,
Unlock each gate, and ope each bolted door,
And on my soul the myrrh of love will pour.

'Then breathe her name kind warden when you may,
A bow of beauty o'er my mind will play,
Ting'ed with the rays of mother's tireless love,
That lures my heart to brighter scenes above.' P. S.

Music by Thorley. (*Portugal.*)



This faith can every grace improve,
Command each mountain to remove,
And make each foe or barrier flee,
To sink beneath a boundless sea.

Victorious faith! each mountain flee,
Be swallowed up beneath the sea;
E'en more then conqueror I'll press on;
Begone, my fears, my doubts, begone.

Seamen, O seamen, Christ shall save,
And 'Bethel,' round the world shall wave;
Till winds and seas his praises "roar,"
On ocean waves from shore to shore.

The Voyage of Life. L. M.

The billows foam, the ocean rolls,
And night in dismal darkness reigns;
I glide o'er seas in search of souls,
The fruit of all my toil and pains

We onward press, awake or sleep,
In pain, or ease, in joy or woe,
Thus time, that mighty rolling deep,
Pursues its fatal, ceaseless flow.

Propell'd along to Canaan's shore,
All hail the tide that bears me on;
My toils and woes will soon be o'er,
And angels shout "*his work is done.*"

O grateful pause in busy life,
Free from its pain, and noise and din,
Its cares and woes, its cruel strife;
Ah, let me now commune within.

Yes, onward still I guide my course,
Through earth and hell's united flood;
Faith conquers heaven, *prayer* takes by force;
Thus, thus I urge my way to God.

G. C. S.

The Wanderer invited. L. M.
BICKERSTETH'S COLLECTION.

Wanderer from God, return, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires, that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

Wanderer from God, return, return;
Thy Father hears that deep-felt sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn;
And mercy's voice invites thee nigh.

Wanderer from God, return, return;
Renounce thy fears; thy Saviour lives;
Go to his bleeding cross, and learn
How freely, fully, he forgives.

Prayer at Sea. L. M. SIGOURNEY.

Prayer may be sweet in cottage homes,
Where sire and child devoutly kneel,
While through the open casement nigh
The vernal blossoms fragrant steal.

Prayer may be sweet in stately halls,
Where heart with kindred heart is blent,
And upward to th' eternal throne
The hymn of praise melodious sent.

But he who fain would know how warm
The soul's appeal to God may be,
From friends and native land should turn,
A wanderer on the faithless sea;—

Should hear its deep, imploring tone
Rise heavenward o'er the foaming surge
When billows toss the fragile bark,
And fearful blasts the conflict urge.

Nought, nought appears but sea and sky,
No refuge where the foot may flee:
How will he cast, O Rock divine,
The anchor of his soul on thee!

The Middle Watch. L. M.

Yes, Lord, my grateful voice I'll raise,
At midnight, in my watch at sea,
The floods shall hear me sing thy praise,
And tell what grace has done for me.

The moon, the stars, the deep shall hear,
Millions shall catch the grateful sound,
And winds shall o'er the ocean bear
The praise, till earth and heav'n rebound.

I'll praise for grace already given,
I'll praise for grace I'm yet to have,
I'll praise for grace '*reserved in heaven*,'
With glory crown'd beyond the grave.

Mariners' Hymn. L. M.

Great God! we will thy name adore;
And seek thy love, and grace implore;
May all who plough the sparkling sea,
Enjoy thy love and worship *Thee*.

While o'er the raging deep they ride,
Be thou their helper and their guide;
When thoughts impure annoy the soul,
Let matchless grace their minds control.

Prayers fervant often will ascend
To him who is the Sailor's Friend,
For their return to native clime,
Where love's sweet bow will brightly shine

Hopes brighter than the evening star,
Will cling around them when afar;
Affection's brilliant star will shed
Its beauty o'er the sailor's head.

When life's short voyage with them is o'er,
May they arrive on heaven's bright shore,
There toilsome days and sleepless nights
Are known not in celestial heights.

Music by Wm. Mather. (*Medfield.*)

1. O bless-ed day of ho - ly rest, We glad - ly hail thy dawn;

Sweet hopes in-spire the Christian's breast, On eve-ry Sabbath morn.

The little bark of Christian love,
O Father guide to-day;
Faith at the helm, and hope above,
And Christ the dear main-stay.

O God, on Ocean's treach'rous waves,
Thy glory oft we saw,
And now we sing the power that saves
'Mid dang'rous scenes afar.

Our Father bless the widows here,
The orphan too, O God,
Most graciously to them be near,
In sorrow's lone abode.

We would remember those afar
Upon the boundless deep;—
O keep them Saviour, ever near,
Nor let thy watch-care sleep.

And when our sabbaths all are past,
Then in the port above,
O anchor all our souls at last,
Where all is peace and love.

Pray for the Sailor. C. M. J. H. H.

O, pray for hardy sailors, pray,
While bounding o'er the wave;
Should storms and tempests round them [play,
Then plead with God to save.

When black'ning clouds the sky o'erspread,
And vivid lightnings glare,
Then raise the soul to Zion's Head,
And ask his tender care.

O pray for wand'rers on the deep,
When dangers round them press,
That He the raging waves may keep,
Who bids their roarings cease.

Where'er he goes, 'neath foreign skies,
Or ploughs the briny main,
Let spirits yearn, and prayer arise,
And plead his safe return.

When life's short course of toil is o'er,
And dangers all are past,—
Then bid the soul in peace to soar,
And dwell in bliss at last.

"Peace, be still." C. M.
BY MRS. A. M. C. EDMOND.

Fierce was the storm that rent the air,
And shook the troubled sea;—
And redly gleamed the lightning's glare
O'er gloomy Gallilee.

Within a fragile bark that rode,
The sport of wind and wave,
Serenely slept the Son of God,
Whose arm alone could save.

"Help, Lord!" the pale disciples cry,
And cherish hope's last ray;
Death and destruction linger nigh,
O guide us in thy way.

He speaks, "peace, peace," amazing word!
Quenched are the lightning fires;
The tempest's voice no more is heard,
The wrathful sea retires.

O thou who didst that fearful strife,
With but thy voice assuage,
Calm thou the wilder storms of life,
When sin and folly rage.

Speak, and the stormy breast shall be
Calm as the lake at even,
And beams celestial caught from thee
Shall mirror back to heaven.

The Sailor's Bible. C. M. J. H. H.

I love my bible,—precious boon,
To sinful wand'rers given;—
A beacon light, to earth sent down
To guide us safe to heaven.

I love, when darkness round us spreads,
And ocean's lulled to rest,
To scan the page that ever sheds
A halo round the blest.

I love, when adverse billows rise,
And storms around me roar,—
Here to receive divine supplies,
And upward gladly soar.

I love each promise so divine,
On puny man bestowed,—
Whose mercies round our hearts entwine,
And lead us to our God.

I love the bible—perfect chart
Of life's meandering way,
A guiding star, our souls to lead
To realms of endless day.

The Christian Mariner safe. C. M.
ADDISON.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence;
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Thro' burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

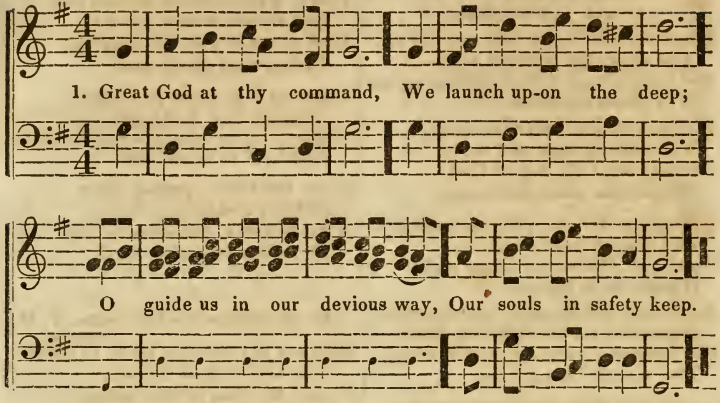
When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm is laid; the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

CONFIDING TRUST. S. M.

Words by J. H. H. Music by Stanley. (*Shirland.*)



When dangers round us crowd,
  And toils our course attend,
Be thou our help, our sure defence,
  Our everlasting friend.

Should stormy winds arise,
  And tempests madly beat,
O grant us grace to trust in thee,
  And near the mercy-seat.

And though in distant climes,
  O'er raging seas we ride,
We trust in thee, thou gracious God,
  Our Saviour and our Guide.

And should our fragile bark,
  To ocean's depths be hurled;—
O may we reach a sheltering port,—
  A fairer, brighter world.

The power of God. S. M.

The boundless power of God
  Pour'd forth the noisy deep;
Whose billows lash the affrighted strand,
  Or hush'd by him, they sleep.

He guaged the mounds of sand,
  That smoothly line the shore;
And curb'd th' impetuous, lawless waves,
  While all enraged they roar.

His fingers spann'd the sky—
  Assign'd each star its place;
He smooth'd for each a spacious road
  Through vast, unbounded space.

O praise him all ye orbs,
  And sound his fame abroad;
Proclaim his power, thou mighty deep,
  And own the hand of God.

Salvation by Grace. S. M.

Grace! 'tis a charming sound—
  Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
  And all the earth shall hear.

Grace first contrived the way
  To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
  Which drew the wondrous plan.

Grace led my roving feet
  To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies, each hour I meet,
  While pressing on to God.

Grace all the work shall crown,
  Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
  And well deserves the praise.

Deliverance. S. M. J. H. H.

When o'er the restless deep,
  My bark has bounded high,
Thou mighty God, the Sailor's friend
  Hast ever hovered nigh.

Though winds have round me howled,
  And all was dark and drear,
My God, in love hast been my friend,
  And ever lingered near.

When tempests dark assailed,
  And thunders shook the sphere;
My gracious God hast heard my prayer,
  And calmed each rising fear.

'Mid chilly arctic blasts,
  And tropic's sultry glow,
Thou e'er hast been my sure defence,
  My portion here below.

When far in distant climes,
  I've groped in pagan night,
My Saviour's been my guiding star,
  A gracious peering light,

And O, when life declines,
  And earthly ties are riven;
My rescue then O deign to be,
  And guide me safe to heaven.

Little Faith. S. M.

O thou of little faith,
  On seas of trouble toss'd,
Depend on what the Saviour saith,
  And you can ne'er be lost.

He bids you to him come,
  Why should you yield to fear?
The winds may blow, and billows foam,
  But Jesus Christ is there.

Though storms of sorrow rise,
  And winds may adverse prove,
Yet, "Wherefore dost thou doubt?"
    he cries,
  "Mine is unchanging love."

Ark of Safety. S. M.

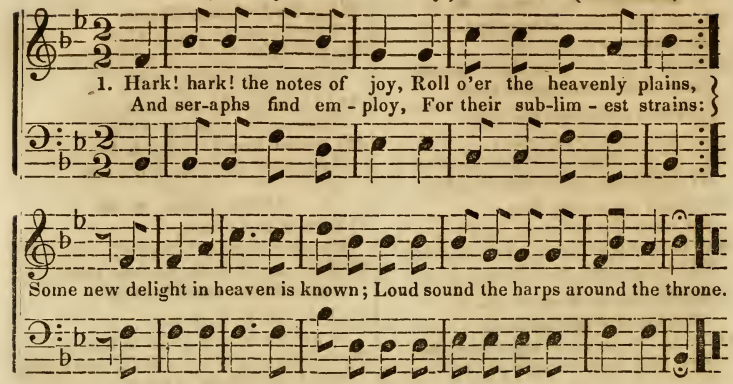
O, cease, my wandering soul,
  On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
  Has not for thee a home.

Behold the ark of God;
  Behold the open door;
O, haste to gain that dear abode,
  And rove, my soul no more.

There safe thou shalt abide,
  There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
  With full salvation blest.

JOY AT IMMANUEL'S BIRTH. H. M.

Reed's Coll. (*Music from the Psaltery.*) (*Newman.*)



Hark! hark! the sounds draw nigh;
The joyful hosts descend
The Lord forsakes the sky;
To earth his footsteps bend :
He comes to bless our fallen race;
He comes with messages of grace.

Bear, bear the tidings round;
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,
What pity he can show:
Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll,
Convey the news from pole to pole.

Strike, Strike the harps again,
To great Immanuel's name;
Arise, ye sons of men,
And all his grace proclaim:
Angels and men, wake every string;
'Tis God the Saviour's praise we sing.

Repairing to Christ. H. M.

Hail, everlasting Spring!
Celestial Fountain, hail!
Thy streams salvation bring;
The waters never fail;
Still they endure, | For all our woe
And still they flow, | A sov'reign cure.

Blest be his wounded side,
And blest his bleeding heart,
Who all in anguish died,
Such favors to impart;
His sacred blood | From every sin,
Shall make us clean | And fit for God.

To that dear source of love,
Our souls this day would come;
And thither, from above,
Lord, call the nations home;
That Jew and Greek, | On all their tongues,
With rapturous songs, | Thy praise may [speak.

God's wonders of creation. H. M.

Give thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord;
The sovereign King of kings;
And be his grace adored.
His power and grace | And let his name
Are still the same; | Have endless praise.

How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He form'd the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone!
Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure
Shall still endure; | Abides thy word.

His wisdom framed the sun,
To crown the day with light;
The moon and twinkling stars
To cheer the darksome night.
His power and grace | And let his name
Are still the same; | Have endless praise.

God's Goodness and Truth. H. M.

Sing to the Lord most high;
Let every land adore;
With grateful voice make known
His goodness and his power;
With cheerful songs | And let his praise
Declare his ways, | Inspire your tongues.

Enter his courts with joy;
With fear address the Lord;
He formed us with his hand,
And quickened by his word;
With wide command, | O'er every sea
He spreads his sway | And every land.

His hands provide our food,
And every blessing give;
We feed upon his care,
And in his pastures live:
With cheerful songs | And let his praise
Declare his ways, | Inspire your tongues.

The Mariner's Prayer. H. M. H. W.

O Lord, to thee we bow,
Hear thou our humble prayer,
We come before thee now,
To seek thy guardian care,
Ere leaving far behind, our home,
O'er ocean's swelling waves to roam.

O, be our Guide and stay,
When foaming surges rise;—
When lurid lightnings play
Across the frowning skies;
And when soft winds our sails shall fill,
Be thou our Father, with us still.

'Tis thus we would implore,
Thy guidance on life's sea,
Until we reach that shore
Where we shall dwell with thee,
Unless thou should'st direct, we stray
Where shoals and quicksands fill the way.

But with thy presence near,
To light us o'er the sea,
No danger will we fear,
While looking unto thee,
For nought, our bark can overwhelm,
While thou, O Lord art at the helm.

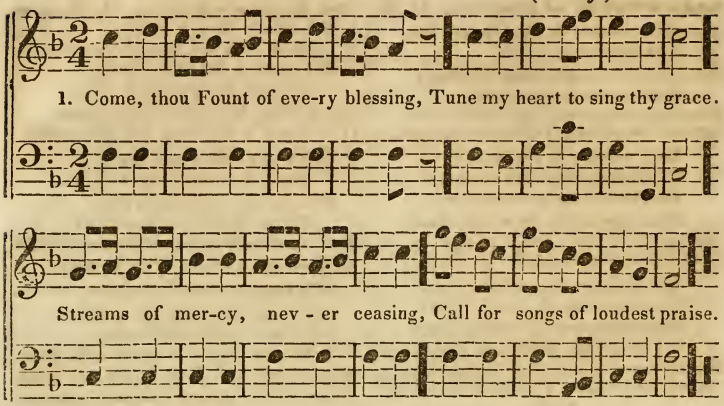
Sabbath Morning. H. M. HAYWARD.

Welcome, delightful morn;
Sweet day of sacred rest,
I hail thy kind return;
Lord, make these moments blest:
From low desires | I soar to reach
And fleeting toys | Immortal joys.

Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel | And learn to know
Thy quickening word, | And fear the Lord.

MERCIES ACKNOWLEDGED. 8s & 7s.

(*Sicily.*)



Teach me some melodious measure,
  Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
  While I sing redeeming love.

By thy hand sustained, defended,
  Safe through life, thus far, I've come;
Safely, Lord, when life is ended,
  Bring me to my heavenly home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
  Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
  Interposed his precious blood.

O, to grace how great a debtor
  Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
  Bind my wandering heart to thee.

God is Love. 8s & 7s. BOWRING.

God is love; his mercy brightens
  All the path in which we rove,—
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
  God is wisdom, God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever;
  Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
  God is wisdom, God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
  Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth;
  God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
  Hope and comfort from above:
Every where his glory shineth;
  God is wisdom, God is love.

Sacred Song. 8s & 7s. C. M. A.

Wand'rers o'er a stormy ocean,
Star of Bethlehem be our guide;
Following thee with pure devotion,
Fear we not the swelling tide.

Rudely though our bark be heaving,
Dangers round, beneath, above!
Fiercer dangers gladly leaving,
Onward to our port we move.

Every billow breaking o'er us,
Nearer brings the land of rest;
Fair the haven lies before us,
Bright the mansions of the blest.

There the stormy wind is sleeping,—
Calm and peaceful is that shore;
There shall be no pain or weeping,
There the weary toil no more.

Mariner's Hymn. 8s & 7s. T. D.

See the sailor just embarking,
For some distant foreign shore,
Blessed Jesus! Oh protect him,
When the waves and billows roar.

When afar from christian teachers,
Sailing through the trackless deep;
Gracious Savior! then instruct him,
And his soul in safety keep.

If his grave be in the ocean,
Far remote from home's lov'd shore;
Oh! receive his deathless spirit,
Where the tempests rage no more.

Friend of seamen! deign to hear us,
Listen to our fervent prayer:
Bear him to the port of glory,—
May we meet the sailor there.

Source of Blessings. 8s & 7s.
NOEL'S COLLECTION.

Holy Source of consolation,
Light and life thy grace imparts;
Visit us in thy compassion;
Guide our minds, and fill our hearts.

Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Thou canst bring us from above;
Lord, we ask that heavenly treasure,
Wisdom, holiness, and love.

Dwell within us, blessed Spirit;
Where thou art no ill can come;
Bless us now, through Jesus' merit;
Reign in every heart and home.

Saviour, lead us to adore thee,
While thou dost prolong our days;
Then, with angel hosts before thee,
May we worship, love, and praise.

At Sea. 8s & 7s. W. COLTON.

Lonely wand'rer on the ocean,
Fainting for a place of rest;
Canst no longer keep in motion,
Durst not trust the billow's breast.

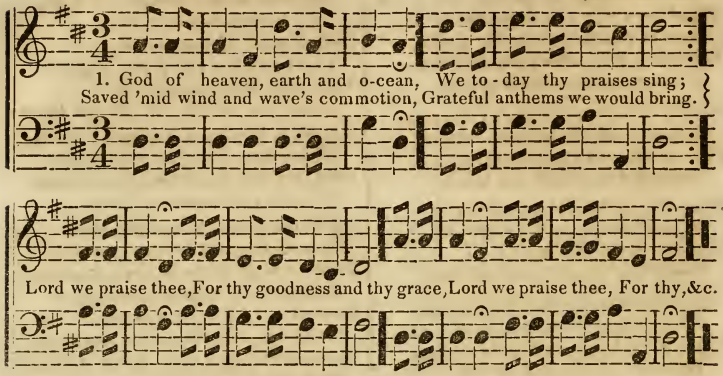
Feeling fast thy strength diminish,
Yet canst spy no friendly show,
And must sink ere thou canst finish
One returning circle more.

Rest thee then, I'll softly pillow,
Thy too faint and feeble form,
Bear thee safely o'er the billow,
Through this night of cloud and storm.

I was once like thee a ranger,
Searching for a place of rest,
But to peace and hope a stranger,
Till I found the Saviour's breast.

74 GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENTS. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Poetry by Mrs. T. P. Smith. (*Zion.*)



Mercy guards us, mercy saves us,
God's rich mercy is our song;
Buffeting temptation's breakers,
Gracious mercy bears us on—
God in heaven,
Thy great mercy is our song.

When life's voyage shall be ended—
Anchored in the port of rest,
With the Captain, Christ ascended,
And the millions of the blest,
There we'll praise thee,
God of mercy and of grace.

Cheering Prospects. 8s, 7s & 4s. s.

Blessed Saviour! we adore thee,
For the tokens of thy love,
It inspires the soul with rapture,
While we muse on joys above.
Shine upon us,
Father, Son, and Heavenly Dove.

Great Redeemer! may the seamen,
On the bosom of the deep,
Feel the flow of thy blest Spirit,
And a golden harvest reap.
Light is breaking
For the children of the deep.

Yes, the long neglected sailor,
Far from home and kindred dear,
Toiling when the raging ocean
Fills his mind with gloom and fear;
He is worthy
Of the Christian's constant prayer.

When the sea shall yield her treasure,
At the voice of God the Son!
Then, a noble band of seamen
From their coral grave will come,
Robed in splendor,
By the Lamb, whose will is done.

When the voyage of life is over,
And we reach that heavenly land;
Where no raging billows harm us,
Safe in port, a happy band;
We will praise Thee,
Holy, blessed Three in One.

Encouraging Prospects. 8s, 7s & 4.

Yes, we trust the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking,
By his word, in every land:
When he chooses;
Darkness flies at his command.

While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God, the Saviour, is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad:
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

O, 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving
To our hearts, to hear, each day
Joyful news, from far arriving,
How the gospel wins its way,
Those enlightening
Who in death and darkness lay.

God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world, in every land;
Then shall idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

Prayer for a Blessing. 8s, 7s & 4. JAY.

Come, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed;
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

O, may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word's designed to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive,
And forever
To thy praise and glory live.

Christ coming to Judgment.
8s, 7s & 4 OLIVER.

Lo! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus shall forever reign.

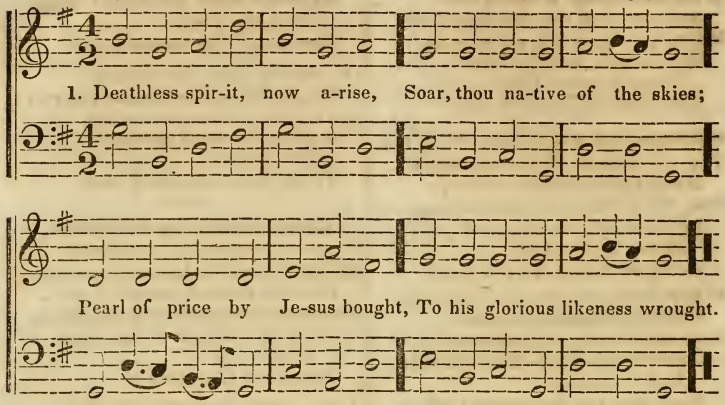
Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty:
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day—
"Come to judgment!—
Come to judgment!—come away!"

Now the Saviour, long expected,
See, in solemn pomp, appear,
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear.

TRIUMPH IN DEATH. 7s.

Poetry by Rev. A. T. (*Nuremburg.*)



Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away;
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing and fired with love.

Shudder not to pass the stream;
Venture all thy care on him;
Him, whose dying love and power,
Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar.

Safe as the expanded wave,
Gentle as the summer's eve;
Not one object of his care,
Ever suffered shipwreck there.

See the haven full in view!
Love divine shall bear thee through;
Trust in that propitious gale,
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail.

Deliverance from Danger. 7s. L. H. S.

Ruler of the earth and sky,
Who the mighty deep doth hold,
In the hollow of thy hand,
By thy slightest word controlled.

Who the stormy winds dost curb,
Rushing on their midnight path,
And the reeling vessel save
From the tempest of their wrath.

Thou from shipwreck and despair,
Didst our souls in safety set,
When all human help was vain,
May we ne'er thy love forget.

Ne'er the tender mercy grieve,
That upheld us when we prayed,
Nor the sacred promise break
That in danger's hour we made.

The church going Bell.* 7s.

BY A SAILOR.

Praise to Heaven! peace to men!
Holy Sabbath comes again:
Day of thankfulness and prayer,
Sweet relief from lurking care.

Telling of that distant bourne
Whence to earth there's no return,
Bless'd of Him, by men adored,
Holy Sabbath of the Lord!

Innocence is in the swell
Of the holy Sabbath bell,
For it speaks of early time,
E'er we know of sin or crime.

And it brings around us here,
Forms and faces that were dear;
There's a sweet and sacred spell
In the holy Sabbath bell.

Simple, humble be the rhyme,
Singing of the Sabbath chime,
Though more stately numbers roll,
Sounding praise from pole to pole;

Still the bosom may be stirred,
By the humblest measure heard:
Peace to all of peaceful will,
Hope and joy are living still.

The Storm. 7s.

Fearful lightnings break the gloom,
And the deafening thunders roar,
Yawns the deep, unfathomed tomb,
Frowns the clifted craggy shore!

Death, in its terrific forms,
Rides the maddening waves of fire;
The wild genius of the storms,
Spends the fury of his ire.

Struggling hope now sinks and dies,
In the gloom of black despair,
Now the sailor lifts his eyes,
And his heart, to heaven in prayer.

Such the feelings of the soul,
When the power divine appeared;
He that could the storm control,
Spake, the driving tempest veered.

Swift along the craggy shore,
Fearfully the wreck was driven;
'Mid the bursting, breaker's roar,
To a safe, commodious haven.

So when time bears *us* along,
To Jordan's darkening flood;
May we join the glorious throng,
And chant the praises of our God.

Christ's Invitation. 7s. PRATT'S COL.

Come, saith Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrims, hither come.

Hither come; for here is found
Balm for every bleeding wound,
Peace which ever shall endure,
Rest, eternal, sacred, sure.

Communion with God. 7s. EPIS. COL.

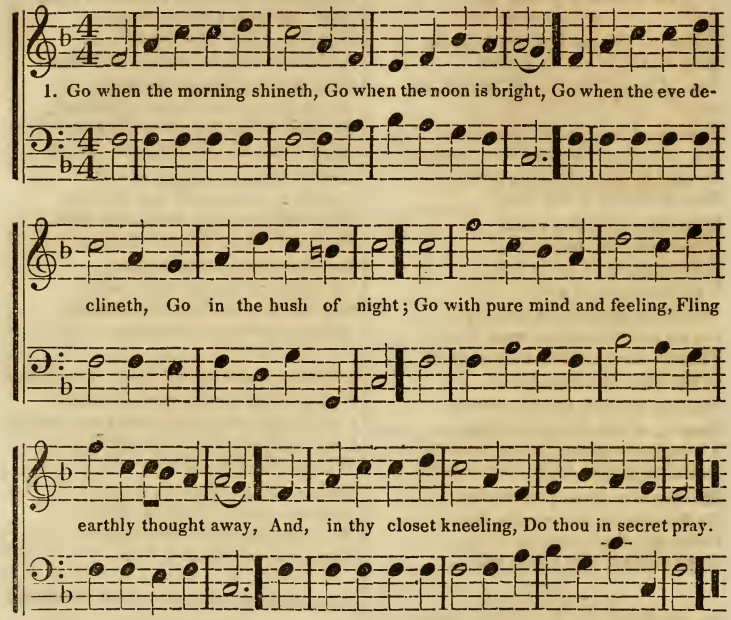
Softly now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away;
Free from care, from labor free;
Lord, we would commune with thee.

Soon for us the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

* Lines composed by a Sailor on hearing the sound of the church going bell, whilst lying at anchor near the shore at *Salt Key, Turk's Island.*

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING. 7s & 6s.

Music by L. Mason. (*Missionary Hymn.*)



Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And blend with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing,
Thy spirit raised above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal love.

O, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare—
The grace our Father gave us
To pour our souls in prayer:
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before his footstool fall;
Remember, in thy gladness,
His love who gave thee all.

Confidence in God. 7s & 6s.

MONTGOMERY.

God is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help, is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand,
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate;
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

Praise to the Saviour. 7s & 6s.

To thee, O blessed Saviour,
Our grateful songs we raise;
O, tune our hearts and voices
Thy holy name to praise;
'Tis by thy sovereign mercy
We're here allowed to meet,
To join with friends and teachers
Thy blessing to entreat.

O, may thy precious gospel
Be published all abroad,
Till the benighted heathen
Shall know and serve the Lord;
Till o'er the wide creation
The rays of truth shall shine,
And nations now in darkness
Arise to light divine.

To my Sailor Boy. 7s & 6s. (Peculiar.)

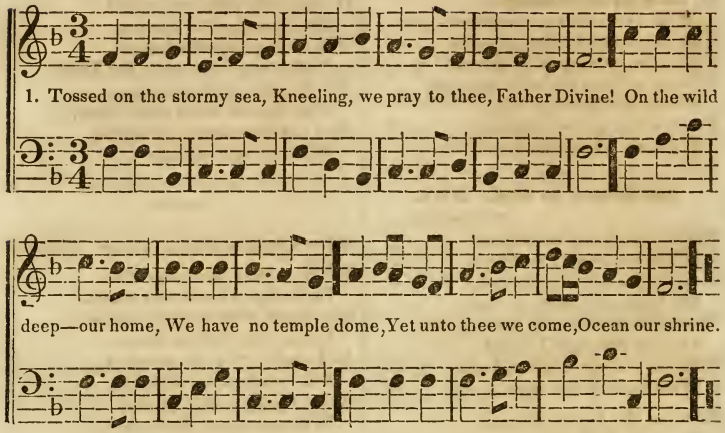
When sailing on the ocean,
In foreign climes you roam,
Oh! think with fond devotion,
Upon your distant home;
And never strive to smother,
But treasure up with joy,
Remembrance of a Mother,
Who loves her Sailor boy.

When thunders loud are roaring,
And vivid lightning fly,
The rain in torrents pouring,
Sleep will not greet my eye;
Tears will bedew my pillow,
You all my thoughts employ,
Toss'd on the angry billow,
A little Sailor boy.

Kind Providence protect you,
And bring you back again,
Your Mother will expect you,
Safe from the troubled main;
No heaven will not distress me,
The widow's hope destroy;
Return once more to bless me,
My little Sailor boy.

PRAYER AT SEA. 6s & 4s.

Words by Mrs. A. M. C. Edmond. (*America.*)



Be thou our guard and guide
On the dark heaving tide,
  Pathless and free;—
When angry waves arise,
Hope in the bosom dies,
Where shall we turn our eyes,
  Lord! but to thee!

Hear thou our earnest prayer,
Through Him who once did bear
  Our weight of woe,—
Him, on the cross who died
When free salvation's tide,
Forth from his wounded side,
  For us did flow.

Grant his dear cross may be
On life's uncertain sea,
  Anchor secure;
So shall we breast the waves,
Where the fierce tempter craves
Souls for eternal graves,
  Death evermore.

Joyful our bark shall ride,
Safe from the raging tide,
  On to her haven,—
O when with weary breath,
But with exulting faith,
Near we the port of death,
  Moor us in heaven.

Christ our confidence. 6s & 4s.

R. PALMER.

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary:
Saviour divine,
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O, let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine.

May thy rich grace impart,
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream,
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
O, bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul.

Praise in the Courts of the Lord.

6s & 4s. SACRED LYRICS.

Praise ye Jehovah's name;
Praise through his courts proclaim;
Rise and adore;
High o'er the heavens above,
Sound his great acts of love,
While his rich grace we prove,
Vast as his power.

Now let the trumpet raise
Triumphant sounds of praise,
Wide as his fame;
There let the harp be found;
Organs, with solemn sound,
Roll your deep notes around,
Filled with his name.

Christ's final Triumph. 6s & 4s.

Let us awake our joys;
Strike up with cheerful voice;
Each creature, sing;
Angels, begin the song;
Mortals, the strain prolong,
In accents sweet and strong,
"Jesus is King."

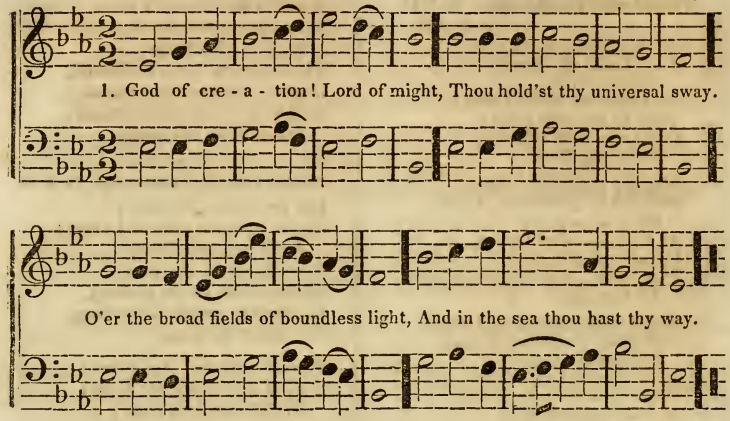
Proclaim abroad his name;
Tell of his matchless fame;
What wonders done;
Above, beneath, around,
Let all the earth resound,
Till heaven's high arch rebound,
"Victory is won."

He vanquished sin and hell,
And our last foe will quell;
Mourners, rejoice;
His dying love adore;
Praise him, now raised in power;
Praise him forevermore,
With joyful voice.

All hail the glorious day,
When through the heavenly way,
Lo, he shall come,
While they who pierced him wail;
His promise shall not fail;
Saints, see your King prevail:
Great Saviour, come.

GOD'S WAY IN THE SEA. L. M.

Poetry by Rev. E. Mudge. Music by J. Hatton. (*Duke Street.*)



Thy trump the awful thunders sound,
Thine arrows forked lightnings are,
Thy march in earthquakes shake the ground
And clouds ethereal are thy car.

Thy grace is an unbounded sea,
Where tides of mercy ever roll,
In endless plenty rich and free,
For every needy, thirsty soul.

"Thy way is in the sea," to guide
Thy servants, who count all things
To bear the gospel o'er the tide, [loss,
In heathen lands to raise the cross.

Thy way is in the raging sea,
Where nations rise, and empires fall,
Tho' kings and emperors own not thee,
Thou art the sovereign Lord of all.

Christian Voyager. L. M.

The Christian voyager strikes the rock
That lies conceal'd beneath the wave;
Yet safely he survives the shock,
For Jesus ready stands to save.

His destined land he sometimes sees,
And thinks his toils will soon be o'er,
Expects a gentle balmy breeze
Will waft him quickly to the shore.

But hark!—the midnight tempest roars!
He seems forsaken, and alone:
But Jesus, whom he then implores,
Unseen preserves and leads him on.

Though fear his heart should ovewhelm,
He'll reach the port to which he's bound,
For Jesus holds and guides the helm,
And soon the haven will be found.

Seamen Sing Praises. L. M.

Sing, seamen, sing to God on high!
And let his praise on every breeze,
Sound to all lands, both far and nigh,
O'er swelling floods and raging seas.

So He ordains that you should sing,
And tell the world his power to save;
To heathen lands his gospel bring,
To cheer their passage to the grave.

Then sing, ye seamen, sing and tell
Of all the goodness of the Lord,
In saving men from sin and hell,
By his good spirit and his word.

By land or sea, at home, abroad,
In christian or in heathen lands:
Lift up your voice and praise your God,
In all the labour of your hands.

Sailor Boy to his Mother. L. M.

My mother! many a year has fled,
Since first I left my native shore;
Now the dark ocean is my bed,
And my night hymn the billows' roar.

No longer, as in days gone by,
I feel thy hand upon me laid;
And see the tear-drop fill thine eye,
As thou call'd blessings on my head.

No longer does thy prayer at even,
In thy lov'd voice so sweet, and low,
Like a kind angel, sent from heaven,
The way to truth and virtue show.

But as the lonely deck I pace,
And gaze into the calm blue sky,
I seem to see thy well known face,
And meet thy gentle, loving eye,

And then the voice of evening prayer,
In thrilling tones I know full well,
Comes like sweet music to my ear,
And chains me with its holy spell.

And as I list that prayer at even,
Its pleading, supplicating tone,
Bids me to hope my sins forgiven
By the All Faithful holy One.

My mother's voice so full of love;
My mother's heart so full of prayer;
Whene'er they reach a throne above,
Will find thro' Christ acceptance there.

FLORA.

Broken Vows. L. M. s.

Men vow to Him who rules on high,
And to him for protection cry:
When tempest howls, and thunder rolls,
Then fear alarms their deathless souls.

But when he calms the raging sea,
They do not bow to him the knee;
They break the solemn vows they made,
When lightnings flashed, and tempests raged.

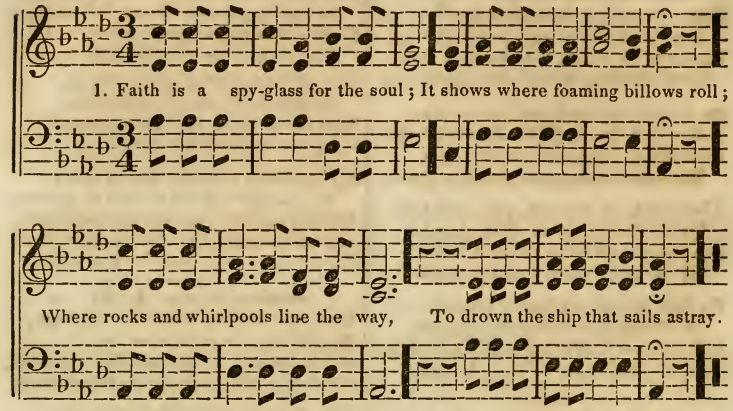
Those vows men make in trouble, will
One day their hearts with sorrow fill;
It will be then too late to say,
I now my broken vows will pay.

God does remember every vow,—
And though we scoff and trifle now
With judgment and eternal hell,
There, those who break their vows must dwell.

Now is the time to pay your vows,
His bow of mercy round you throws
Its golden rays, O, heed this bow,
And God will grace on you bestow.

FAITH, THE SOUL'S SPY GLASS. L. M.

Music by Ch. Zeuner. Poetry by P. Stow. (*Missionary Chant.*)



Thro' this clear glass the soul may see
The bleeding Lamb of Calvary;
That sight will dissipate the gloom,
Which sin has gathered o'er the tomb.

While sailing o'er the sea of time,
Faith eyes a pure and blissful clime;
Far, far beyond life's stormy deep;
Where howling winds wake not from sleep.

Faith casts an anchor in that Bay,
Where gentle, balmy breezes play;
And moors the soul to *his* white throne,
Who will the faithful victors crown.

Sons of the deep! behold the cross,
Believe in Christ, our Righteousness,
He'll give strong faith, and light the way,
That leads to heaven's eternal day.

The Sailor's Chapel. L. M.

We kindle here a beacon light
For those whose home is on the wave,
To guide the seaman's course aright,
On treach'rous coasts, where tempests rave.

Dangers and death in forms untold,
The daring sons of ocean seize;
Their life-blood chilled by polar cold,
By ice fields crushed in northern seas.

When storms terrific rouse the swell
Of angry billows mountain high,
Far up the crested waves they go,
Then sink to coral depths below.

They need the cheering hope of heaven,
The peace of God within their breast,
An anchor, when by rough winds driven,
A pole star, pointing unto rest.

The Sailor. L. M.

Sailor! we need thee, to extend
  Thy hand to lost and ruined men;
Thy noblest efforts to expend,
  To bring our race to God again.

The eyes of Christians turn to thee,
  While they would fill the world with light,
And Jesus, also, looks to see
  Thee labor with a sailor's might.

Sailor! a gospel herald be!
  Enter the service of the Lord,
Rich freight bear to eternity,
  Which, there, shall be 'thy great reward.'

Good tidings of salvation take
  To those who are the slaves of sin,
Their iron fetters haste to break,
  Let now this blessed work begin.

God a Rock. L. M.

When thickly beat the storms of life,
  And heavy is the chastening rod,
The soul, beyond the waves of strife,
  Views the eternal rock—her God.

What hope dispels the spirit's gloom,
  When sinking 'neath affliction's shock?
Faith, through the vista of the tomb,
  Points to the everlasting rock.

Is there a man who cannot see
  That joy and grief are from above?
O, let him humbly bend the knee,
  And own his Father's chastening love.

Hope, Grace, and Truth, with gentle hand,
  Shall lead a bleeding Saviour's flock,
And show them, in the promised land,
  The shelter of th' eternal Rock.

Blessedness of the Righteous. L. M.

BARBAULD.

How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell,
How bright th'unchanging morn appears
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
'How blest the righteous when he dies!'

Parting with carnal Joys. L. M.

WATTS.

I send the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth, deceitful sea
And empty as the whistling wind.

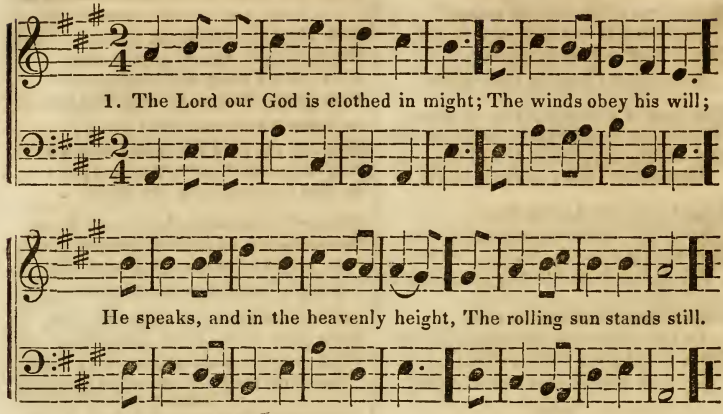
Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of dark despair;
And while I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treach'rous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands and glance my eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

86 POWER AND MAJESTY OF GOD. C. M.

Poetry by H. K. White. Music by Gardiner. (*Dedham.*)



Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

Ye winds of night, your force combine;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's rest.

His voice sublime is heard afar;
In distant peals it dies;
He binds the whirlwinds to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

Ye natious, bend; in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

Paul's Voyage. C. M.

If Paul in Cesar's court must stand,
He need not fear the sea;
Secured from harm on every hand
By the divine decree.

Although the ship in which he sail'd,
By dreadful storms was toss'd;
The promise over all prevail'd,
And not a life was lost.

Jesus! the God whom Paul adored,
Who saves in time of need;
Was then confess'd by all on board,
A present help indeed!

Believers thus are toss'd about,
On life's tempestuous main;
But grace assures beyond a doubt;
They shall their port attain.

The Sailor at home again. C. M.

BY N. COLVER.

Hail to the precious Sabbath morn!
Hail to this *bethel* home!
Saviour, to meet thy kind return,
We wand'rers gladly come.

Toss'd on the billowy road of life,
With suns, and stars, unblest;
From clouds, and storms, and tempests rife,
We come, to seek thy rest.

Here let our weary spirits find,
The God of Jacob still;
With promised grace to cheer the mind,
Our hearts with comfort fill.

Spirit divine, on us descend,
Make this a time of love,—
The pledges of thy grace renew,
Seal'd from thy courts above.

Save the Sailor. C. M.

The Sailor's home is on the wave,
And there his grave may be;
O christian stretch thy hand and save
This pilgrim of the sea.

O haste ye, for his life is brief,
Those "wild waves" roaring free—
May sink to everlasting death,
The pilgrim of the sea.

His heart is gen'rous, kind and brave—
Landsmen! he toils for thee;
For thee he finds an early grave,
Lone pilgrim of the sea.

Our God has pledged a bright reward
To those who'll set him free;
And blest are they, who turn to God,
One pilgrim of the sea.

The Sailor's Grave. C. M. REL. ELM.

O place me not in sordid dust,
When life shall cease to be;
For where could I this body trust,
But in the deep blue sea?

In thy broad bosom, mighty deep,
So quietly I'll lie;
And, resting with my fathers, sleep,
While wild winds o'er me sigh.

The weeds shall be my winding-sheet,
My coffin be of shell;
And when I sleep in caverns deep;
No chiseled words shall tell.

Roll on, roll on! ye mountain waves,
My dirge is in your roar,—
Roll on, till all within their graves
Shall wake to sleep no more!

The sea shall then restore her dead,
And from its depths I'll rise;
Then may I mount with Christ my head,
And dwell above the skies.

Seaman's Concert. C. M. P. H. B.

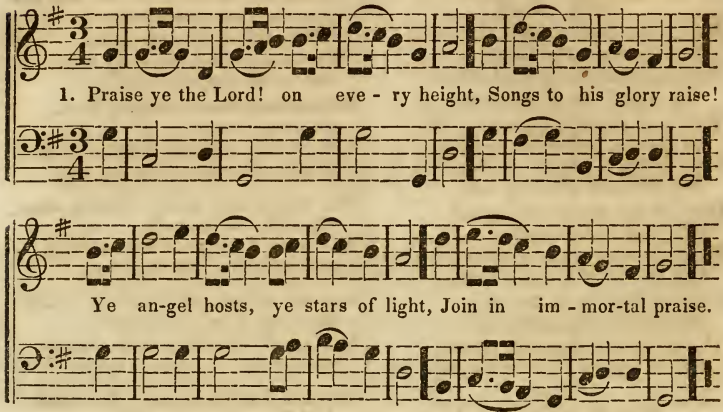
We come, O Lord, before thy throne,
And, with united pleas,
We weep, we pray for those who roam,
Far off upon the seas.

Oh may the Holy Spirit bow
The Sailor's heart to thee,
Till tears of deep contrition flow,
Like rain-drops on the sea.

Then may a Saviour's dying love,
Pour peace into his breast,
And waft him to the port above;—
The port of glorious rest.

PRAISE TO GOD. C. M.

Poetry by Mrs. Hemans. Music by Tansur, 1735. (*St. Martin's.*)



It was his word which gave you birth,
And majesty and might;
Praise ye the Highest from the earth,
And let the deeps unite!

The fire and vapor, hail and snow,
Are servants of his will;—
And stormy winds, that fiercely blow,
His mandate they fulfil.

Mountains and rocks, to heaven that rise,
And restless mighty flood;
Creatures of life, that wing the skies,
Or track the plain for food.

Praise ye his name, to whom alone
All homage should be given;
When glory from th' eternal throne,
Spreads wide o'er earth and heaven.

God's Power on the Ocean. C. M.

To thee O God! whose just command
Earth, sea, and air obey;
We gladly meet a joyful band,
And here our homage pay.

We've seen thy works upon the sea,
Thy wonders in the deep;
When thou didst loose the stormy winds,
O'er raging waves to sweep.

We've sunk in Ocean's fearful depths,
Then rose on mountain waves;
We've clung to rocks o'er the bright seas,
That yawn'd like watery graves.

Then from the deep we called on God,
The raging winds to stay;
The angry winds were hushed to sleep,
At his almighty sway.

The Bethel Flag. C. M. F. S. KEY.

To thee O God, whose awful voice,
The sea and air obey;
This humble house of prayer we raise,
And here our homage pay.

Here, in this house high hymns of joy,
Thy rescued sons shall raise;
And glowing hearts, and ready tongues,
Their great Protector praise.

They called on Thee, and th' raging sea
Sunk down at Thy command!
Their troubled souls Thou didst set free,
By thine Almighty Hand.

Here let them come, and th' holy flag
Shall float in sainted air;
As high they raise the hymn of praise,
And breathe the solemn prayer.

Wonders of the Deep. C. M.

Oh God! thy name they well may praise,
Who to the deep go down;
And trace the wonders of thy ways,
Where mountain billows frown.

For them the fair majestic sight,
Hath met their wand'ring eyes,
Beneath the streaming northern light,
Or blaze of Indian skies.

If glorious be that awful deep,
No human power can bind,
What then art Thou, who bid'st it keep
Within its bounds confined?

Let heaven and earth in praise unite,
Eternal praise to Thee,
Whose word can rouse the tempest's might,
Or still the raging sea!

The Sea of Gallilee. C. M.

BY MISS M. ROBINSON.

Bow down my spirit, and adore,
While thus I gaze on thee,
Thou favored spot of all the earth,
Thrice hallowed Gallilee.

Bow down my spirit and adore,
As in the courts above;
Behold the place the Saviour trod,
In sorrow and in love.

There is no sound along thy shore;
No murmur of thy wave;
But tells of Him who left the skies,
And life eternal gave.

Methinks among those stirring leaves
His accents linger yet,
And fancy sees each glittering shrub
With tears of pity wet.

How great that love, thy silver waves,
The tale can well attest,
As from a simple seaman's boat,
That floated on thy breast.

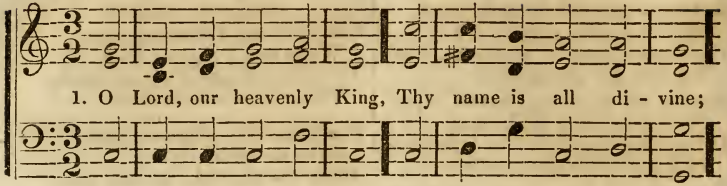
The God who reared those lofty hills,
And gave the seas their birth;
There deigned to teach the outcast poor;
The ignorant of earth.

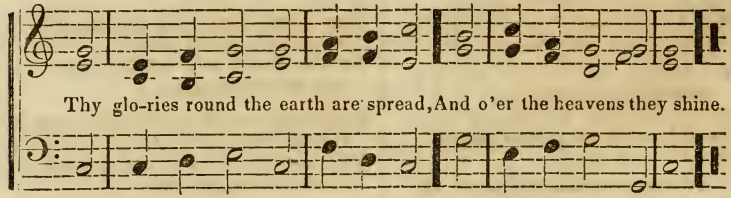
Thy conscious waters knew their God,
And yielded to his will,
As moved along the troubled deep,
The gentle words, "Be still,"

Or when beneath the starless sky,
Upon the stormy wave,
He went in mercy's fairest guise,
To succor and to save.

DIVINE CONDESCENSION. S. M.

Poetry by Dr. Watts. Music by L. Mason. (*Boylston.*)





When to thy works on high
I raise my wondering eyes,
And see the moon, complete in light,
Adorn the evening skies,—

When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms,—
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms?

Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou shouldst love him so?
Next to thine angels is he placed,
And lord of all below.

How rich thy bounties are,
How wondrous are thy ways,
That, from the dust, thy power should frame
A monument of praise!

Living by Faith. S. M.

If on a quiet sea
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.

But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield at thy control;
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own,
And, when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

The Mission Ship. S. M. J. H. H.

Behold that stately ship,
With pennon streaming wide;
Her canvass spread, with giant strides,
She plows the briny tide.

The fanning breeze speeds on,
A sacred, precious trust;
The gospel heralds bear his name,—
The Holy and the Just.

In drear benighted climes,
When rayless billows roll,—
The lamp of life reflects its beams,
To light the darkened soul.

The gospel's joyful sound,
Falls sweetly on the ear;
A Saviour's love proclaimed abroad,
Bids idols disappear.

Kindness to our Frailty. S. M.

The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
When blasting winds sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

The Grace of Christ. S. M.

We sing the Saviour's love,
Who pitied wretched man,
Delighting in the thought of peace,
Ere time and worlds began.

We see its smiling beams,
Forthshining at his birth,
And trace its lustre day by day,
While he sojourned on earth.

But, in his closing hour,
How infinite his grace,
When, bowed beneath the curse, he died
To save the chosen race!

Ten thousand thousand songs,
With high, seraphic flame,
Fall far below the boundless praise
Of our Immanuel's name.

Preparation for the Judgment. S. M.

And will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

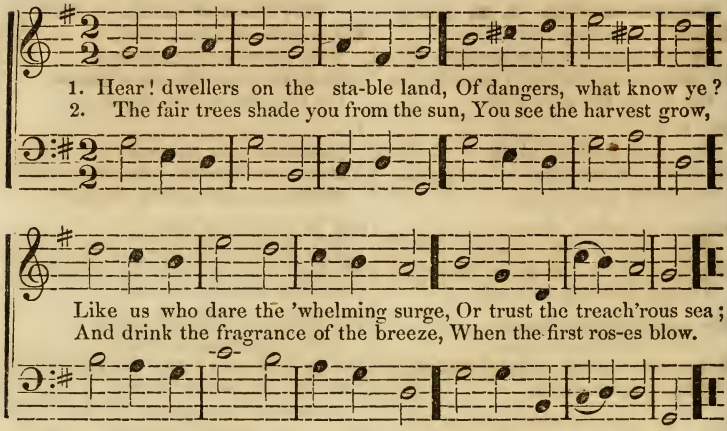
How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?

But, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

Come, sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

APPEAL OF THE SAILOR. C. M.

Poetry by Mrs. Sigourney. (*Rochester.*)



But still, what know ye of the joy
That lights our ocean strife—
When on its way the gallant ship
Sweeps like a thing of life.

And gaily, to the wished-for port,
With fav'ring breeze we stand,
Or first your misty line descry,
Hills of my native land!

Yet oh! there's peril in our path,
Beyond the wrecking blast;
A peril that may reach the soul,
When life's short voyage is past.

Send us your Bibles when we go
Forth on the foaming wave,
Your men of prayer, to teach us how
To meet a wat'ry grave.

A Mariner's Hymn. C. M.

While on the swelling sea of life,
Proud mortals heedless sail;
Their guilty passions drive them far,
Till cheering prospects fail.

Then gloomy storms, and fearful roar
Of tempests, threaten death,
And yet all hands love not the name
Of God who gives them breath.

May seamen for this haven steer,
And see their Jesus there,
Behold his bloody sweat, and hear
His agonizing prayer.

Be then this port my chief delight,
'Till moor'd in heaven above;
Weeping I'll gaze upon the sight,
And be dissolved in love.

God seen in his Works. C. M.

WALLACE.

There's not a star whose twinkling light
Illumes the distant earth,
And cheers the solemn gloom of night,
But goodness gave it birth.

There's not a cloud whose dews distil
Upon the parching clod,
And clothe with verdure vale and hill,
That is not sent by God.

There's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found;
For God is every where.

Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There Heaven displays its boundless love,
And power with goodness blends.

Swiftness of Time. C. M.

J. Q. ADAMS.

How swift, alas! the moments fly!
How rush the years along!
Scarce here, yet gone already by—
The burden of a song,

See childhood, youth, and manhood, pass,
And age, with furrowed brow;
Time was—time shall be—but, alas!
Where, where in time is now?

Time is the measure but of change;
No present hour is found;
The past, the future, fill the range
Of time's unceasing round.

Where, then, is now? In realms above,
With God's atoning Lamb,
In regions of eternal love,
Where sits enthroned I AM.

The Mariner's Psalm. C. M.

Thy works of glory, mighty Lord,
Thy wonders in the deeps,
The sons of courage shall record,
Who trade in floating ships.

At thy command, the winds arise,
And swell the towering waves;
The men, astonished, mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.

Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
And see the storm allay'd;
Now to their eyes the port appears,
There let their vows be paid.

O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord!
And those that see thy wondrous ways,
Thy wondrous love record.

The Sailor Sorrowing for Sin. C. M.

BY REV. E. MUDGE.

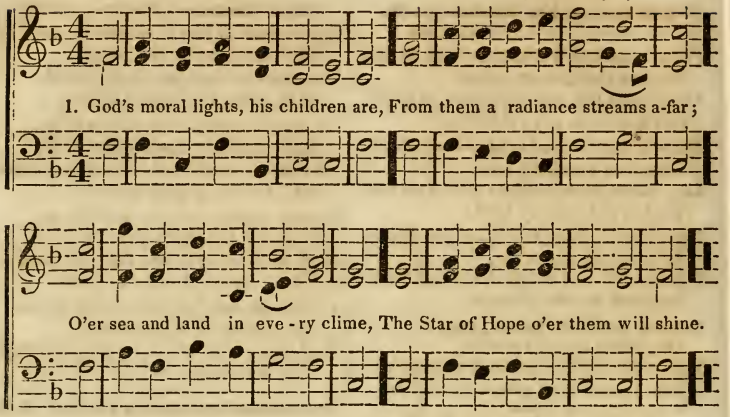
Come, sailor, come with all the grief,
With which thy soul is riven,
And though earth yields thee no relief,
There's hope for thee from heaven.

Though you have run a wild career,
By passion's whirlwind driven;
Come, change your course, and you may wear,
A sparkling crown in heaven.

O, let your future life declare
That you to God have given
Your heart, to live a life of prayer,
And seek a rest in heaven.

O come, before life's day declines,
In clouds of darkest even;
Secure a place where glory shines,
In endless day in heaven.

Words by P. Stow. *(Uxbridge.)*



Now they receive their light and bliss
From Christ, the Sun of righteousness;
His mellow light illumes the soul,
When rayless billows madly roll.

They were in sin and darkness too,
But Jesus did their souls renew;
He gave them light, from heav'n above,
And o'er them spread his bow of love.

God will impart this light to all,
If we obey his winning call;
He will array in bright attire,
And give us pure, celestial fire.

But if we heed not moral light,
And choose to grope in nature's night,
Our bark will dash upon *that* shore,
Where light will greet the soul no more.

Birth day Hymn. L. M.

My years roll on: the tide of time
Bears me thro' many a changing clime:
I've summers, winters, heat and cold,
Winds, calms, and tempests ten times told.

My years roll on: and with them flows
That mercy which no limit knows;
'Tis mercy's current makes me glide,
In hope of safety, down the tide.

My years roll on: then let me know
The great design for which they flow;
And as the ship floats o'er the wave,
The vessel, Lord, in mercy save.

My years roll on: my soul be still,
Guided by love thy course fulfil:
And when life's anxious voyage is past,
My rest shall be with Christ at last.

The Bethel. L. M. P. S.

The Bethel is the place for thee,
Thou wand'rer o'er the pathless sea;
Here you may have your spirit blest,
And find in Jesus perfect rest.

The Bethel is the place for thee,
For God is here, and he will see
Thy tearful eye and throbbing heart,
And bid thy load of guilt depart.

The Bethel is the place for thee,
To pay the vows you made at sea;
When crested billows o'er you roll'd,
You mercy crav'd with sighs untold.

The Bethel is the place for thee,
Dear seamen, now to Jesus flee;
Then when the storms of life are past,
You'll go where all the weary rest.

God's Presence. L. M. N. COLVER.

God's voice is heard when thunders roar,
I see him in the lightning's blaze;
The earth stands trembling at his pow'r,
And owns his hand, and speaks his praise.

He rides upon the stormy blast,
That howls along its billowy road;
The staggering hulk, the shiv'ring mast,
Proclaim the great, and dreadful God.

Nor less, his goodness, shines abroad,
In smiling suns, and falling showers;
He writes his name upon the cloud,
And seals the promised blessing ours.

In all his works, my God I see;
But still I feel his glory more,
When e'er I gaze on Calvary,
And my redeeming God adore.

Security in God. L. M. WATTS.

How oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

The oath and promise of the Lord,
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.

Amidst temptations, sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow and billows rise.

The gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

True Friend. L. M. P. S.

There is a Friend who's always nigh,
To those who on his word rely;
When storms arise, and billows roll,
He will protect the humble soul.

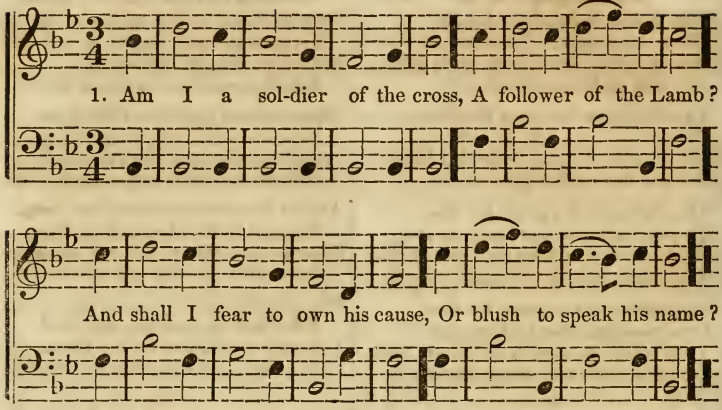
When dangers in their pathway lie,
And howling tempests rage and sigh;
He then will keep with watchful care,
All those who seek his face by prayer.

When sickness rends their mortal frame,
And human aid appears in vain;
He'll prove a friend in time of need
To all who will his promise plead.

Come, then, bold seamen, seek this Friend!
He'll constant prove till time shall end;
And when the voyage of life is o'er,
He'll land you safe on Canaan's shore.

HOLY FORTITUDE. C. M.

Poetry by Dr. Watts. (*Balerma.*)



Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease?
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?

Are there no foes for me to face,
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

Light is breaking. C. M.

How changed the vision of the sea,
The dim cloud floating o'er,
Spreads on the azure canopy,
And breaks in mercy's shower.

Thus when the ocean wanderer feels
The Law's fierce lightning-flame,
And hears its bursting thunder-peals
The doom of death proclaim;—

The light of heavenly mercy plays
On his Redeemer's brow,
There's life immortal in its rays,
And he's forgiven now.

We bless the goodness of our Lord,
Who sends his light to thee,
O, love his name, believe his word,
Our brother of the sea!

The Sailor's Friend. C. M.

Of old did Jesus condescend
To calm the raging sea,
O, he was then the Sailor's Friend,
And such he still would be.

He does but wait to hear us crave,
As they besought him then—
"Master, we perish! come and save,
For we are dying men!"

Not to sustain our mortal breath,
We raise the earnest cry;
Lord save our precious souls from death,
And make us fit to die.

Then blow, ye winds, ye surges roar!
'Twill not our souls appal;
Tho' waves and billows pass us o'er,
And deep to deep should call.

Miracles of Christ. C. M.

And didst thou, Jesus, condescend,
When veiled in human clay,
To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,
And drive disease away?

Didst thou regard the beggar's cry,
And cause the blind to see?
Thou Son of David, hear—O, hear—
Have mercy, too, on me.

And didst thou pity mortal woe,
And sight and health restore?
O, pity, Lord, and save my soul,
Which needs thy mercy more.

Didst thou thy trembling servant raise,
When sinking in the wave?
I perish, Lord; O, save my soul;
For thou alone canst save.

Power of God. C. M.

With reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord,
His high commands with reverence hear,
And tremble at his word.

The northern pole and southern rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day from east to west
Move round at thy command.

Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace;
While truth and mercy, joined in one,
Invite us near thy face.

The Tree with Golden Fruit. C. M.

BY C. S. BARTH.

Upon a hill there stands a tree
Where golden fruit is found,—
'Tis meant for ev'ry land to see,
It shines for all around.

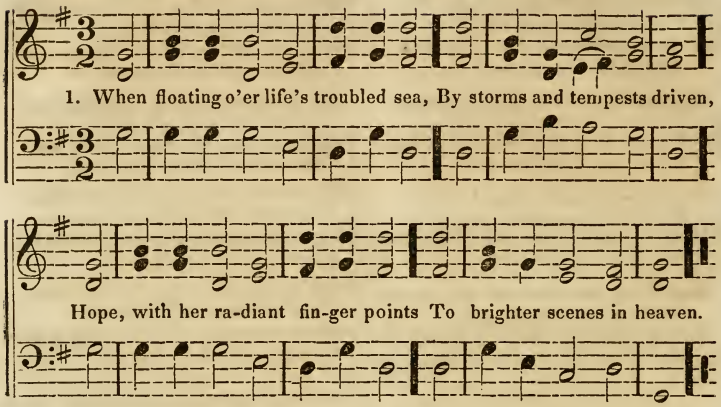
Here many come by day and night,
Its gold their fond pursuit,
They shake its branches with delight,
And bear away the fruit.

And yet its riches always stay,
The tree is never bare;
Whatever fruit is borne away,
As much still glitters there.

What is its name? and where its place?
How can this wonder be?
Who now will tell us? who can guess?
The *Bible is that tree.*

HOPE OF REUNION IN HEAVEN. C. M.

Poetry from the Psalmist. (*Marlow.*)



She bids the storms of life to cease,
The troubled breast be calm;
And in the wounded heart she pours
Religion's healing balm.

Her hallowed influence cheers life's hours
Of sadness and of gloom;
She guides us through this vale of tears,
To joys beyond the tomb.

And when our fleeting days are o'er,
And life's last hour draws near,
With still unwearied wing she hastes
To wipe the falling tear.

She bids the anguished heart rejoice:
Though earthly ties are riven,
We still may hope to meet again
In yonder peaceful heaven.

The Sailor Missionary. C. M.

Upon the waters, glorious Lord,
Thy path of light has been,
The *mariner* thy voice has heard,
Thy works of mercy seen.

Thou hast disciples from the sea,
A bold and ardent band,
Who *love* to tell the *world* of thee,
Who wait on *thy* command.

O, send them to the lands afar,
As heralds of thy grace;
Give them thy truth to scatter there,
That yields a large increase.

The seed on many waters cast,
Shall spring to life and bloom,
The harvest day will come at last,
And sheaves be gathered home.

Divine aid Implored. C. M.

DR. T. F. OAKES.

God of the earth and boundless sea,
Thou Maker of my soul,
Whose kingdom fills immensity,
Wilt thou my thoughts control.

Inspire my voice to sing thy praise,
My heart to love thy word,
That I may high thy banner raise,
And triumph in the Lord.

Teach me to feel thy truth divine,
Engraven on my heart;
Teach me to know that I am thine,
Say to my doubts, depart.

Then, will I love thy cause, my King;
Praise thee from shore to shore—
And then in heaven thy glory sing,
When time shall be no more.

Purposes of God. C. M.

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

The Hope, the Star, the Voice. C. M.

H. H. HAWLEY.

There is a hope, a blessed hope,
More precious and more bright
Than all the joyless mockery
The world esteems delight.

There is a star, a lovely star,
That lights the darkest gloom,
And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er
The prospects of the tomb.

There is a voice, a cheering voice,
That lifts the soul above,
Dispels the painful, anxious doubt,
And whispers, "God is love."

That voice, aloud from Calvary's height,
Proclaims the soul forgiven;
That star is revelation's light;
That hope, the hope of heaven.

Call to pious seamen. C. M. T. B. B

Seamen who love the Saviour's name,
Go forth and make it known;
Where'er you go his love proclaim,
Point upward to his throne.

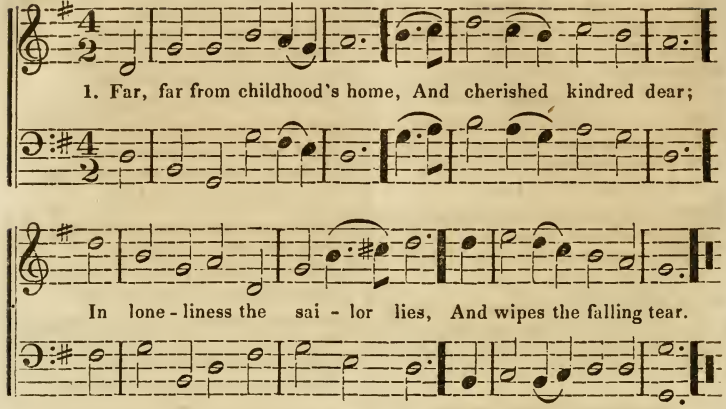
Bear, bear to India's sunny clime,
The knowledge of his name;
Bid China in the chorus chime,
And catch the heavenly flame.

On Afric's dark benighted shore,
Kindle the gospel light;
The Islands of the sea implore,
To break from satan's might.

Exalt his name o'er land and sea,
Make known his matchless grace;
And soon the captives shall be free;
Freedom that brings true peace.

DEATH AT SEA. S. M.

Poetry by J. H. H. Music by A. Williams. (*St. Thomas.*)



His languid form is pale,
And crumbles slow away,
For wan disease with fearful grasp,
Has seized his trembling prey.

The feeble ebbing tide,
Now nears a distant shore;
Life's sun is sinking 'neath the wave,
On earth to beam no more.

A dread and icy spell,
Has chilled life's current now;
And death has fixed his final seal
Upon that pallid brow.

Thus speeds our earthly course,
As borne by rushing wind;
Thus soon the destined haven's made,
Where all an entrance find.

Burial at Sea. S. M. J. H. H.

A hardy mariner
Has bid to earth adieu;
Loved shipmates fondly gather round,
To take a final view.

That cold and lifeless form,
From which the soul has fled,
In death's habiliments is clad,
To sleep in ocean's bed.

The bubbling waters yawn
To receive the sacred trust,
Beneath the closing wave it sinks
In silence there to rest.

Amid the sparkling gems
Of ocean's choicest store,
Where coral monuments arise
O'er millions gone before.

The Spirit inviting. S. M.

The Spirit, in our hearts,
  Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
  To all his children, "Come!"

Let him that heareth say
  To all about him, "Come;"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
  To Christ, the fountain, come.

Yes, whosoever will,
  O, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
  'Tis Jesus bids him come.

Lo! Jesus, who invites,
  Declares, "I quickly come:"
Lord, even so; we wait thy hour;
  O blest Redeemer, come.

Active Effort to do Good. S. M.

Sow in the morn thy seed;
  At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
  Broadcast it o'er the land;—

And duly shall appear,
  In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
  And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain;
  Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
  For garners in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,
  The day of God, shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
  And heaven cry, "Harvest home!"

Now the accepted Time. S. M.

Now is th' accepted time;
  Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come, without delay,
  And seek the Saviour's face.

Now is th' accepted time;
  The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late;
  Then why should you delay?

Now is th' accepted time
  The gospel bids you come,
And every promise in his word
  Declares there yet is room.

Lord, draw reluctant souls,
  And feast them with thy love;
Then will the angels swiftly fly
  To bear the news above.

Office of Faith. S. M.

Faith is a precious grace,
  Where'er it is bestowed;
It boasts a high, celestial birth,
  And is the gift of God.

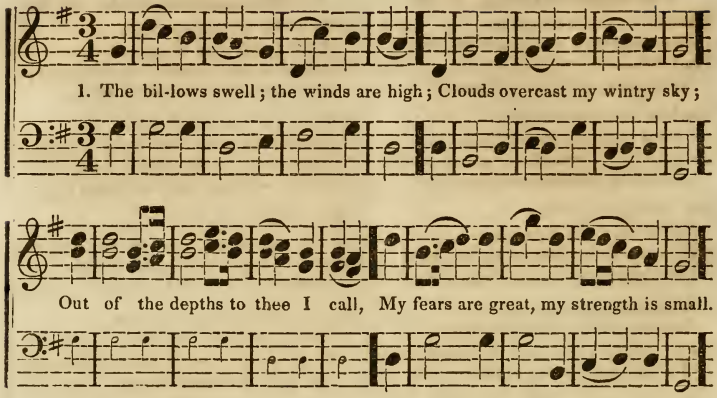
Jesus it owns as King,
  And all-atoning Priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
  But looks for all in Christ.

To him it leads the soul,
  When filled with deep distress,
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
  And trusts his righteousness.

Since 'tis thy work alone,
  And that divinely free,
Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son,
  To work this faith in me.

CHRIST THE PILOT. L. M.

Poetry by Cowper. (*Effingham.*)



O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me thro' the storm;
Defend me from each threatening ill;
Control the waves; say, "Peace! be still."

Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on thee;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

Dangers of every shape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

Tho' tempest-tossed, and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek;
To him alone will we complain,
Amid the winds, and stormy main.

The Precious Bible. L. M. P. S.

The Bible! is a *Polar Star*—
It sheds its brightness from afar,
And cheers the soul with rays divine!
O'er life's rough sea, in every clime.

It is a *Chart*, by which we may
Shun hidden rocks, and find that bay
Where angry billows never rise,
And gloomy clouds veil not the skies.

It is a *Compass* for the soul,
When tempests howl and surges roll,
Its *magnet* power attracts the heart;
While *quiv'ring* with affliction's dart.

Most precious Book! in thee we find
Knowledge and wisdom for the mind;
May all who plough the boist'rous deep,
A *Mother's Bible* search and keep.

God's Protection. L. M.

Launch'd on blue ocean's restless waves,
My bark expands its feeble wing;
And flies o'er countless watery graves,
A trembling, frail, precarious thing.

Enclosed within its tender shell,
I hear the waters yawn below;
I feel it quiver to the swell,
I feel it to the breezes bow.

Yet on this couching, helpless thing,
Th' Atlantic's stormy wrath I brave;
Beneath the shadow of his wing,
Stretch'd out in mercy o'er the wave.

Though cloudy day and darksome night,
Succeed upon a shoreless sea;
Tho' "Hope deferred" denies my sight
The distant land where I would be:

There is a hope, which guilds for me
The awful surges of the deep;
And in the gloomiest cloud I see
The pledge, that God will safely keep.

The Cross. L. M.

Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In glowing letters, "God is love;"
He bears our sins upon the tree;
He brings us mercy from above.

The cross! it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup;—

The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angel's theme in heaven above.

The Sailor Boy. L. M.

The sailor boy, how hard his lot!
The angry winds have nursed his form!
Rocked on the ocean's heaving breast,
His playmate is the giant storm!

Roams he a silent wave alone?
Earth's noblest scenes are all his own,
But ah! the heart can ne'er forget
She is a weary wanderer yet.

Oh! while he gazes, fondly rise,
The happy home now left behind,
Those lips, with smiles of love enwreathed,
Those hearts with sweet affections [twined;

His bosom throbs, he bends to hear
Glad voices steal upon his ear,
Lured by the whisper of the breeze,
And far off murmur of the seas.

The shipwrecked Sailor. L. M.

What fearful cry, so wild and shrill,
In loneliness bursts up to heaven?
Tis heard no more, the winds are hush'd,
The tempest-clouds asunder riven!

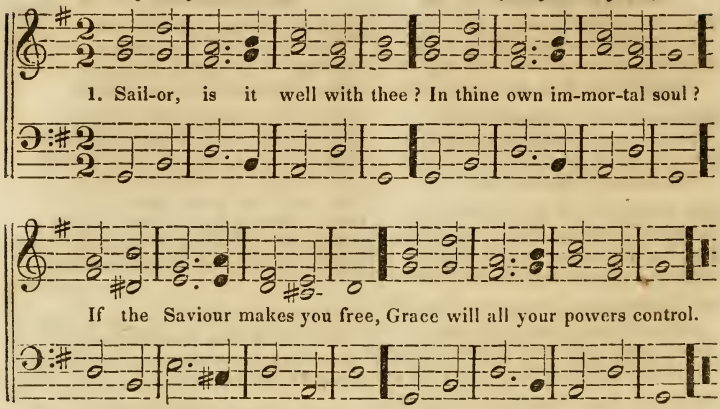
The moon looks down with placid eye,
On surge and fragment hurrying by:
A faithful watch should ever keep
Above the shipwrecked sailor's sleep.

While round his corpse the foam shroud [cling,
For him warm tears are gushing fast,
For him a mother's longing eye
In silent grief to heaven is cast,

Though o'er his form no tomb is piled,
Think you unwept is ocean's child,
While beating hearts with love can burn,
His memory shall find an urn.

104 SAILOR, IS IT WELL WITH THEE? 7s.

Music by Pleyel. (*Pleyel's Hymn.*)



Seamen, is it well with thee?
Blind by nature, poor and lame,
Jesus Christ can make you see
All the beauties in his name.

Sailor, is it well with thee?
Is thy soul now moored above?
Have you sought true liberty?
Do you know a Saviour's love?

Seamen, is it well with thee?
Were thy sins on Jesus laid,
When he bled on Calvary,
Died and bow'd his sacred head?

Sailor, is it well with thee?
Christ in glory waits to save:
Pardons rich, and full, and free,
Wilt thou now from Jesus have?

God's Protection to Mariners. 7s.

They that toil upon the deep,
And in vessels light and frail,
O'er the mighty waters sweep,
With the billow and the gale.

Mark what wonders God performs,
When he speaks, and, unconfin'd,
Rush to battle all his storms,
In the chariots of the wind.

Then unto the Lord they cry:
He inclines a gracious ear;
Sends deliv'rance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

Oh that men would praise the Lord
For his goodness to their race;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace!

A Refuge. 7s. C. WESLEY.

Jesus, refuge of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high:

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O, receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:

All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Expostulation. 7s.

Sinner, what has earth to show
Like the joys believers know?
Is thy path, of fading flowers,
Half so bright, so sweet, as ours?

Doth a skilful, healing friend
On thy daily path attend,
And, where thorns and stings abound,
Shed a balm on every wound?

When the tempest rolls on high,
Hast thou still a refuge nigh?
Can, O, can thy dying breath
Summon one more strong than death?

Canst thou, in that awful day,
Fearless tread the gloomy way,
Plead a glorious ransom given,
Burst from earth, and soar to heaven?

Danger of Delay. 7s.

Haste, O sinner; now be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

Haste, and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

Haste, O sinner; now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

Haste, O sinner; now be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

Pleading for Acceptance. 7s.

On that great, that awful day,
This vain world shall pass away,
And before the Maker stand,
All the creatures of his hand.

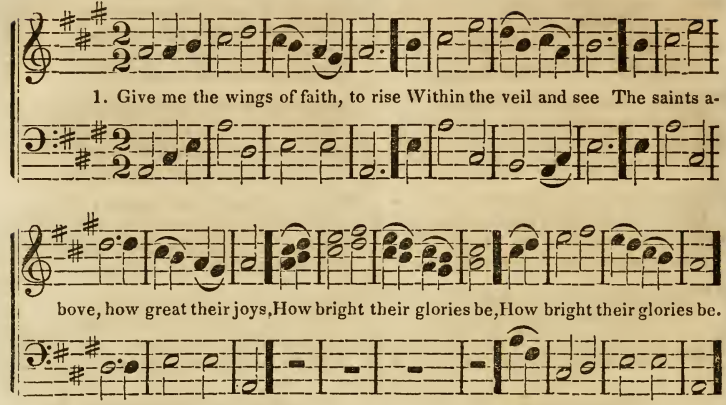
Then shall all the nations meet
At th' eternal judgment-seat,
And, unveiled before his eye,
All the works of man shall lie.

O, in that destroying hour,
Source of goodness, Source of power,
Show thou, of thine own free grace,
Help unto a helpless race.

Hear, and pity; hear, and aid;
Spare the creatures thou hast made;
Fold us with the sheep that stand
Pure and safe at thy right hand.

THE WINGS OF FAITH. C. M.

Poetry by Dr. Watts. Music by Tucker. (*Devizes.*)



Once they were mourning here below,
And bathed their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

They marked the footsteps that he trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possessed the promised rest.

Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shows the same path to heaven.

Christ the Resting Place. C. M.

Jesus! delightful, charming name!
It spreads a fragrance round;
Justice and mercy, truth and peace,
In union here are found.

He is our life, our joy, our strength;
In him all glories meet;
He is a shade above our heads,
A light to guide our feet.

When storms arise and tempests blow,
He speaks the stilling word,
The threatening billows cease to flow,
The winds obey their Lord.

The thickest clouds are soon dispersed,
If Jesus shows his face;
To weary, heavy-laden souls
He is the resting-place.

Christ our Guide. C. M.

Bright was the guiding star that led,
With mild benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.

But lo! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to his abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our Lord.

O haste to follow where it leads;
The gracious call obey,
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way.

O gladly tread the narrow path
While light and grace are given;
We'll meekly follow Christ on earth,
And reign with him in heaven.

Prayer for Strong Faith. C. M.

O for a faith that will not shrink
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!—

That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—

A faith that shines more bright and clear,
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—

Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, that hallowed bliss,
Of an eternal home.

Hope. C. M.

Borne o'er the ocean's stormy wave,
The beacon's light appears,
When yawns the seaman's watery grave,
And his lone bosom cheers.

Then, should the raging ocean foam,
His heart shall dauntless prove,
To reach, secure, his cheerful home,
The haven of his love.

So when the soul is wrapt in gloom,
To worldly grief a prey,
Thy beams, blest hope, beyond the tomb,
Illume the pilgrim's way.

They point to that serene abode
Where holy faith shall rest,
Protected by the sufferer's God,
And be forever blest.

The Crown of Glory. C. M.

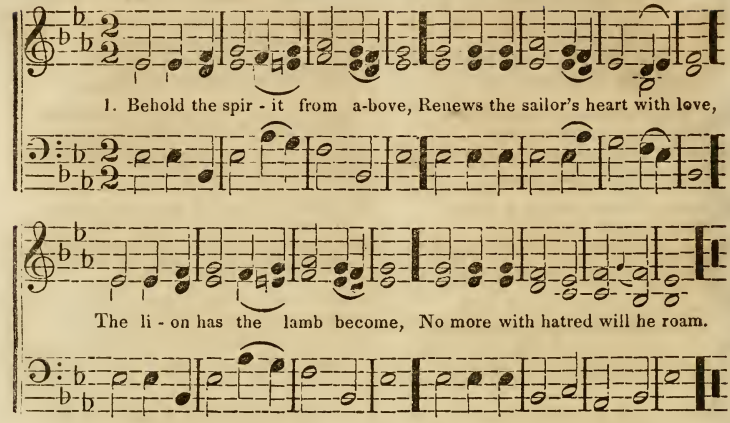
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on,
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

My soul, with all thy wakened powers,
Survey the heavenly prize;
Nor let the glitt'ring toys of earth
Allure thy wandering eyes.

Poetry by P. Stow. (*Hamburg.*)



He serves his Captain with delight,
At home, abroad, for him he'll fight;
With weapons tempered by the Lord,
He wields a glorious heavenly sword.

If seamen round him reckless are,
The mellow ray from Bethlehem's star,
Illumes his soul and cheers his heart,
And hope's sure anchor joys impart.

The Bible, the *celestial Chart*,
Directs him to a blessed port,
Where raging billows never rise,
And gloomy clouds vail not the skies.

His mind is tranquil in that hour,
When death's dark waves around him roar,
A sweet majestic voice says come,
And rest from toil in thy bright home.

The Sabbath Bell. L. M. S. A. B.

Though to the wanderer o'er the sea,
No Sabbath bell may peal its chime,
Nor sweetly on his spirit steal
Those sounds that mark this holy time.

Though from the bosom of the deep,
No Bethel spires shall point above,
Nor whisper to his listening ear,
The story of redeeming love.

Yet if the heart be tuned to hear,
At each return of holy time,
That Sabbath bell anew shall sound,
And Memory bring the sacred chime.

And though no temple "made with hands,"
Shall then upon their vision break,
The Spirit may a dwelling find,
And in his *heart* a *Bethel* make.

A Peaceful Conscience. L. M.

While some in folly's pleasures roll,
And court the joys that hurt the soul,
Be mine that silent, calm repast,
A conscience peaceful to the last.

With this companion in the shade,
My soul no more shall be dismayed;
But fearless meet life's dreariest gloom,
And the pale monarch of the tomb.

Amidst the various scenes of ills,
Each blow some kind design fulfils;
And can I murmur at my God,
While love supreme directs the rod?

His hand will smooth my rugged way,
And lead me, to the realms of day;
To milder skies, and brighter plains,
Where everlasting pleasure reigns.

Breathings of Grace. L. M.

Like morning, when her early breeze
Breaks up the surface of the seas,
That, in their furrows, dark with night,
Her hand may sow the seeds of light.

Thy grace can send its breathings o'er
The spirit, dark and lost before;
And freshening all its depths, prepare
For truth divine to enter there.

Till David touched his sacred lyre,
In silence lay th' unbreathing wire;
But when he swept its chords along,
E'en angels stooped to hear the song.

So sleeps the soul, till thou, O Lord,
Shall deign to touch its lifeless chord;
Till, waked by thee, its breath shall rise
In music worthy of the skies.

Asleep in Jesus. L. M.

Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That Death has lost his venomed sting

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Affects this precious hiding-place:
On Indian plains or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

The River of Life. L. M.

There is a pure and peaceful wave,
That issues from the throne of love,
Whose waters gladden as they lave
The bright and heavenly courts above.

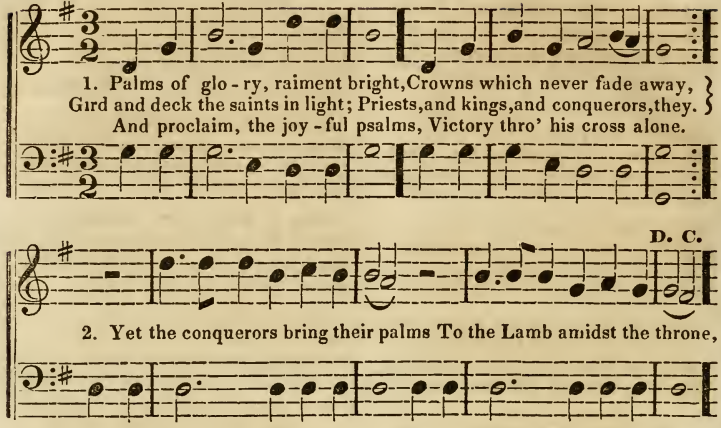
In living streams behold that tide
Thro' Christ the rock profusely burst;
And in his word, behold supplied
The fount for which our spirits thirst.

The pilgrim faint, who seems to sink
Beneath the sultry sky of time,
May here repose, and freely drink
The waters of that better clime.

And every soul may here partake
The blessings of the fount above;
And none who drink will e'er forsake
The crystal stream of boundless love.

VICTORY OF THE SAINTS. 7s. DOUBLE.

Poetry by Montgomery. (*Eltham.*)



Kings for harps their crowns resign,
  Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom; it is thine,
  King of kings and Lord of lords."

Round the altar priests confess,
  With their robes made white as snow
'Twas their Saviour's righteousness,
  And his blood, which made them so.

Who were these? on earth they dwelt,
  Sinners once of Adam's race;
Guilt, and fear, and suffering, felt,
  But were saved by sovereign grace.

They were mortal, too, like us;
  And when we, like them, shall die,
May our souls, translated thus,
  Triumph, reign, and shine, on high.

The hour of Prayer. 7s.

Hark! the bell! the hour of prayer,
Morning signal, sweet and clear;
Welcome, welcome not to me,
Th' Sailor's call to prayer at sea.

Ready in the cabin hall,
At the mercy seat now fall;
Ready, he's your Captain there,
Raise the soul in fervent prayer.

Tremble while Jehovah speaks,
Bend as Sinai's thunder breaks;
Pardoned, tearful sinner, hear;
Meekly bow in holy fear.

Sailor bless the hour of prayer,
Bless the bell that calls thee there;
So shall Jesus prosper thee
In the hour of prayer at sea.

Watchman's Chorus. 7s.

Watchman! tell us of the sea,
  Have ye signs of promise now?
Does the wand'ring sailor flee
  To God's altar with his vow?

Does your flag yet float the breeze,
  High in air its story tell?
"Sons of ocean, rivers, seas,
  Come and enter, come and dwell!"

Christian! yes, on every wind,
  Signs of promise are at hand;
Weary sons of ocean find
  Peace and joy, within our band.

To the breeze our banner's thrown,
  In the storm our light is high,
Guiding sailors to their "Home,"
  And the home of God on high.

Watchman! tell us of the sea,
  Of the ships of Tarshish there;
Will they join the conflict free,
  And with God the battle share?

Christian! yes; the mighty sea,
  Speaks the praises of our God,
And her flag waves proudly free,
  Where the sailor's foot hath trod.

Watchman! Christian! join in one,
  High to God your voices raise,
To the Father and the Son,
  Tune alike your harps of praise.

Guide, O God, the ocean's son;
  Saviour, let him dwell with thee,
Where thou art no storm can come,
  In thy rest, there's no more sea.

The Messengers of God. 7s.

Go, ye messengers of God;
  Like the beams of morning, fly;
Take the wonder-working rod;
  Wave the banner-cross on high.

Go to many a tropic isle,
  In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies forever smile,
  And th' oppressed forever weep.

O'er the pagan's night of care
  Pour the living light of heaven;
Chase away his wild despair;
  Bid him hope to be forgiven.

Where the golden gates of day
  Open on the palmy east,
High the bleeding cross display,
  Spread the gospel's richest feast.

Christ coming to save his People. 7s.

Hark! that shout of rapturous joy,
  Bursting forth from yonder cloud;
Jesus comes, and, through the sky,
  Angels tell their joy aloud.

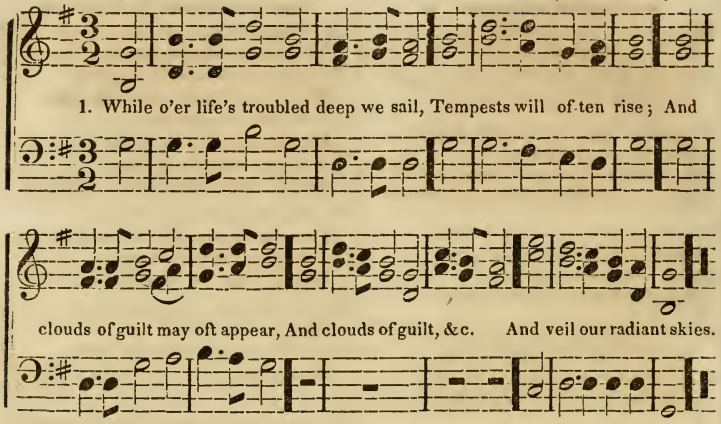
Hark! the trumpet's awful voice
  Sounds abroad o'er sea and land;
Let his people now rejoice;
  Their redemption is at hand.

See, the Lord appears in view;
  Heaven and earth before him fly,
Rise, ye saints; he comes for you;
  Rise to meet him in the sky.

Go and dwell with him above,
  Where no foe can e'er molest;
Happy in the Saviour's love,
  Ever blessing, ever blest.

ENCOURAGED TO HOPE. C. M.

Poetry by P. Stow. Music by N. D. Gould. *(Woodland.)*



When earthly visions fade in gloom,
And sun and stars are gone,
The soul a wreck, a splendid wreck,
Lies hopeless and forlorn—

When sin revives, and billows roll,
And hope's last ray has fled,
While sinking in a sea of wo,
Lost, hopeless, blind, and dead—

A sweet, majestic voice is heard
Above the roaring sea:
Listen! he calls who freely bled,
"Come, hopeless, come to me."

His voice gives life, hope, joy, and peace,
Then peerless glories shine,
His love benign illumes the soul,
And gives a hope divine.

All hope of safety but in Him
Who rules o'er sea and land,
Is taken from the sinner's mind,
Whose 'house is on the sand.'

Sunless and starless is our sky,
Until the Holy Dove
New plumes the soul with pinions strong,
To soar and dwell above.

Seeking a rest. C. M.

We seek a rest beyond the skies,
In everlasting day;
Thro' floods and flames the passage lies,
But Jesus guards the way.

The swelling flood, and raging flame,
Hear and obey his word;
Then let us triumph in his name,
Our Saviour is the Lord.

Heaven Anticipated. C. M.

Come, Lord, and warm each languid
Inspire each lifeless tongue; [heart;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.

Then to the shining realms of bliss
The wings of faith shall soar,
And all the charms of Paradise
Our raptured thoughts explore.

There shall the followers of the Lamb,
Join in immortal songs,
And endless honors to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love;
Our feeble notes inspire,
Till, in thy blissful courts above,
We join the heavenly choir.

The final Adieu. C. M. BEDDOME.

There is a world of perfect bliss
Above the starry skies;
Oppressed with sorrows and with sins,
I thither lift my eyes.

'Tis there the weary are at rest,
And all is peace within;
The mind, with guilt no more oppressed,
Is tranquil and serene.

Discord and strife are banished thence,
Distrust and slavish fear;
No more we hear the pensive sigh,
Or see the falling tear.

Farewell to earth and earthly things:
In vain they tempt my stay:
Come, angels, spread your joyful wings,
And bear my soul away.

Heaven in Prospect. C. M.

STENNETT.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There, God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Tho' Jordan's waves should round me [roll,
I'd fearless launch away.

There's Hope for Thee. C. M.

Blest be that voice, now heard afar,
O'er the dark, rolling sea,
That whispers in the Sailor's ear,
'Sailor, there's hope for thee!'

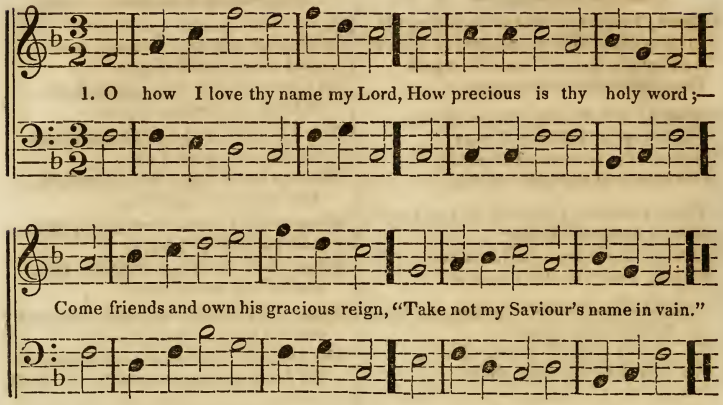
Blest be that pure, that Christian love,
That boundless charity,
Which bears the olive like the dove,
Brave, generous man for thee.

Blest be those lips, in accents mild,
From sordid motives free,
That first proclaimed to Ocean's child,
'Sailor, there's hope for thee.'

Long hadst thou rode the foamy wave,
From sin nor danger free,
Till mercy stretch'd her arm to save—
To save, brave sailor, thee.

THE PIOUS SAILOR'S REQUEST. L. M.

Words by T. B. B. (*Wells.*)



At the beginning he was there,
He formed the sea, he made the air;
He lights the sun, he sends the rain,
"Take not my Saviour's name in vain."

He loved our fallen race so well,
He died to save our souls from hell;
He died for us, but rose again,
"Take not his blessed name in vain."

In heaven he lives, for us he pleads,
Our souls by grace divine he feeds;
Our sins are by his sorrows slain,
"Take not my Saviour's name in vain."

Once more to judge the world he'll come,
And take his ransomed people home,
Would you with him in glory reign,
"Take not his hallowed name in vain."

God's Voice upon the deep. L. M.

Upon the waters glorious God,
Thy voice sublime is often heard
Proclaiming in the sailor's ear,
Of power and love and constant care.

Thy voice is echoed o'er the sea,
By minds attuned to worship thee,
They speak of pardon bought with blood,
While sailing o'er the raging flood.

When seamen shall obey thy voice,
And in thy boundless love rejoice,
Thy truth shall triumph o'er the earth,
From east to west from north to south.

We hail with joy that glorious day,
When all who plow the foaming way,
Shall sound thy voice o'er sea and land;
And on the Rock of Ages stand. P. S.

The Bethel Flag. L. M.

Flag of the pure and azure heaven!
How lovely is thy bearing here;—
Free as the breezes round thee driven,
Is thy sweet errand on the ear.

For unto thee are gathered men,
Whose only panoply is prayer;
And where thou wavest, lofty hymns
Discourse along the listening air.

It tells unto the ocean-tossed,
That He who span its floods can save,
And that for him, the well nigh lost,
The ark yet lingers on the wave.

It heralds joy to the oppress'd,
And ransom to the sons of thrall,
And shadow forth to labor rest,
In music of Salvation's call.

With voice of psalms, then to the skies
Unfurl the flag—a type of love;
The answering anthem's shout shall rise
When they reveal the Holy Dove.

Eye the Heavenly Compass. L. M.

While o'er the angry sea of time,
We need to eye in ev'ry clime,
The glorious Compass from above,
This Magnet from the God of love.

O may this Compass be my guide,
While I am sailing o'er life's tide;
Let me not go upon the sea,
Without the Bible, guide for me.

If we this Compass eye with care,
Whirlpools and rocks we oft shall clear;
And onward glide to that bright land,
Where joyful spirits sweetly blend.

P. S.

Pouring Oil on the waters. L. M.

The glorious gospel now allays.
The angry waves of bitter strife,
And ushers in those golden days,
When wo and tumult are not rife.

Like oil upon the foaming deep,
On which the furious winds do play,
In vain the wrathful waves now leap,
The oil holds them in perfect sway.

So oil divine new power imparts,
And calms the tumult of the soul,
Gives peace and joy to troubled hearts,
Subdues by love and gains control.

May seamen with a cheerful will,
Pour oil divine on sin's dark sea,
Kind words the hardest heart can thrill,
And bid all angry passions flee.

This holy oil o'er sea and land, [roll,
Shall calm woe's crested waves that
All nations shall in union blend,
And love abound from pole to pole

P. S.

No Peace to the wicked. L. M.

No peace! no peace! Jehovah cries,
To those who do my love despise;
Their mind is like the restless deep,
Whose turbid waters never sleep.

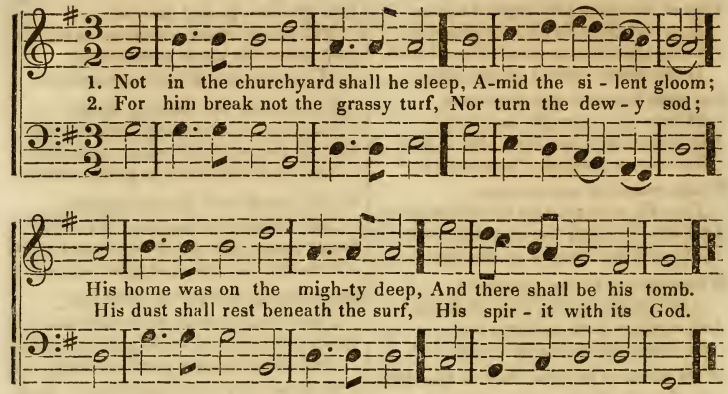
In the deep fountain of the soul,
The waves of sorrow madly roll,
They beat upon the smitten heart,
And peace and joy will *then depart.*

But Jesus can the tumult calm,
And thro' the soul transfuse his balm;
Bid peace and love possess the breast,
And give the troubled mourner rest.

P. S.

THE SAILOR'S TOMB. C. M.

Music by D. Dutton, jr. (*Woodstock.*)



He loved his own bright, deep blue sea,
O'er it he loved to roam;
And now his winding-sheet shall be
That same bright ocean's foam.

Tho'sea and sky fierce war would wage,
And howli g thunder roll,
He heeded not the tempest's rage,—
'Twas music to his soul.

He acted well the sailor's part,
So generous and brave,
And boundless as his noble heart,
So wide shall be his grave.

No village bell shall toll for him
Its mournful, solemn dirge;
The winds shall chant a requiem
To him beneath the surge.

Remember Me. C. M. R. R. B.

"Remember me," my Saviour God,
Whilst here on earth I stay;
Give strength to bear affliction's rod,
A faith to watch and pray.

"Remember me," when fortune smiles,
And scenes are bright and fair;
Lest I should fall, through Satan's wiles,
Beneath his baneful snare.

"Remember me;" thy voice I'll greet
In all thy dealings here;
O let thy Spirit guide my feet,
And I shall never fear.

"Remember me," stand by my side,
Where'er my lot may be;
And when by Jordan's swelling tide,
Dear Lord, "Remember me."

Influence. C. M.

BY WM. CUTTER.

What if the little rain should say—
" So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh those thirsty fields—
I'll tarry in the sky ?"

What if a shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day ?

Doth not each rain-drop help to form
The cool, refreshing shower;
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower ?

Go, thou—and strive to do thy share;
One talent—less than thine—
Improved with steady zeal and care,
Would gain rewards divine.

Reaping in Joy. C. M.

BY W. B. TAPPAN.

There is an hour of hallowed peace
For those with care oppressed;
When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease
And all be hushed to rest.

'Tis then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts that here annoy;
Then they that oft had sown in tears,
Shall reap again in joy.

There is an hour of sweet repose,
When storms assail no more;
The stream of endless pleasure flows
On that celestial shore.

There purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy;
There they that oft had sown in tears,
Shall reap eternal joy.

The Doomed Man. C. M.

BY REV. J. G. COCHRAN.

There is a time, we know not when;
A point, we know not where;
That marks the destiny of men,
To glory or despair.

There is a time by us unseen;
That crosses every path:
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

To pass that limit is to die;
To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Nor pale the glow of health.

The conscience may be still at ease:
The spirit light and gay;
That which is pleasing, still may please,
And care be thrust away.

And yet the doomed man's course below
Like Eden may have bloomed;
He did not, does not, will not know
Or feel that he is doomed.

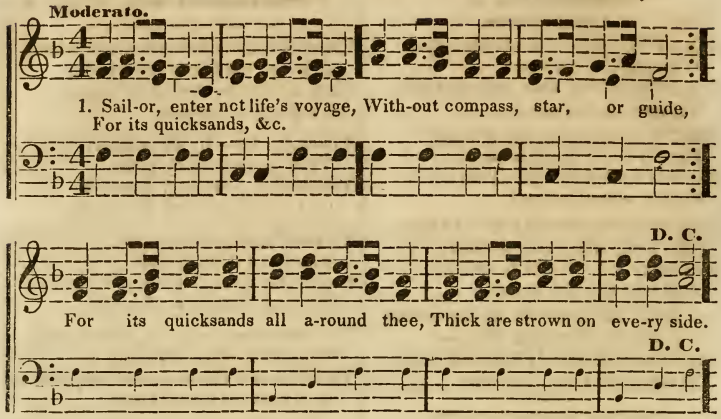
He knows, he feels that all is well,
And every fear is calmed;
He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell,
Not only doomed but damned.

How far may we go on in sin;
How long will God forbear;
Where does hope end, and, when begin,
The confines of despair ?

An answer from the skies is sent,
Ye who from God depart,
While it is called to-day, repent
And harden not your hearts.

118 CHRIST THE GUIDE. 8s & 7s. (DOUBLE.)

Poetry by Miss S. Augusta Brown. (*Greenville.*)



Smooth, serenely flow its waters,
But the sunken rocks are near,
Many a gallant bark hath foundered,
How wilt thou the danger clear.

See its circling eddies darken,
Wave on wave of passion rise,
Earth hath here no hand to guide thee,
Seek thy Pilot from the skies.

Seek to thread thy path of danger,
He who once in mortal form,
When the tempest raged in fury,
Trod the wave and stilled the storm.

He shall guide thee o'er the billow,
Through each changing wave of strife,
Till thy bark is safely anchored,
On the "crystal sea of life."

Divine Life-boat. 8s & 7s. S. A. B.

Sailor on the trackless ocean,
Rife with perils is thy way,
From the billow's wild commotion,
Thy frail bark thine only stay.

For the tempest art thou ready ?
Is thy life boat at thy side ?
Will it float on Death's dark waters ?
Bear thee safe o'er Jordan's tide ?

Will it land thee at thy haven ?
Is its course for Canaan's shore,
Where in peace thy voyage ended,
Thou shalt dwell forevermore ?

If so, then in thy blest passage,
Wreck or storm thou need not fear,
With the heavenly life-boat near thee,
Safely for thy haven steer.

Mercy's Call. 8s & 7s. J. H. H.

Hardy seamen, listen gladly,
To the gospel's glorious sound,
When the billow's raging madly,
Fiercely beat and howl around.

Go, survey with admiration,
Wand'rers on the raging main,
Where Jehovah, in Creation,
Makes his wondrous power known.

Oft his voice makes mighty ocean,
Bidding tempest's din to roar;
Then, amid the wild commotion,
Mercy e'er from heaven implore.

E'er sustained by gracious power,
Borne along the treach'rous wave,
Bow, O, bow in danger's hour,
And protection fervent crave.

The Precious Bible. 8s & 7s.
BY REV. WM. M. JONES.

Holy Bible, blessed treasure,
Way of truth and path of peace;
Lamp of God to endless pleasure,
Guiding souls to future bliss.

Hope of freedom and redemption,
Ark of safety it will prove;
Word of grace and free salvation,
Full of promised joys above.

Book of warning and of threat'ning,
With Jehovah's promise sure;
Balm of life and ever saving,
For all sin a sovereign cure.

Holy wisdom, light unfolding!
Life from God in Jesus' name;
Saving sinners, grace proclaiming,
Triumphs thro' the Saviour's reign.

Missionaries Encouraged. 8s & 7s
BY REV. N. COLVER.

Christian Heralds, like your Saviour
Go among the sons of wo:
Go to those of sad behavior,—
Go where streams of death do flow.

Go to those who sigh in blindness,
Pŏor and wretched, halt and lame,
Tell them of a Saviour's kindness,
Sound abroad his wondrous name.

Go to Burmah's sons and daughters,
Tell them of a Saviour's blood,
Pour abroad those healing waters,
Gushing from the throne of God.

Go where sickly winds are blowing,
Scorching suns and poisoned air;
Tears of anguish ever flowing,
Bitter death, and dark despair.

You shall see in that blest morning,
When your Lord returns to reign,
Precious gems his crown adorning,
Plucked by you from caves of sin.

The Promised Rest.—Heb. iv. 1. 8s & 7s.

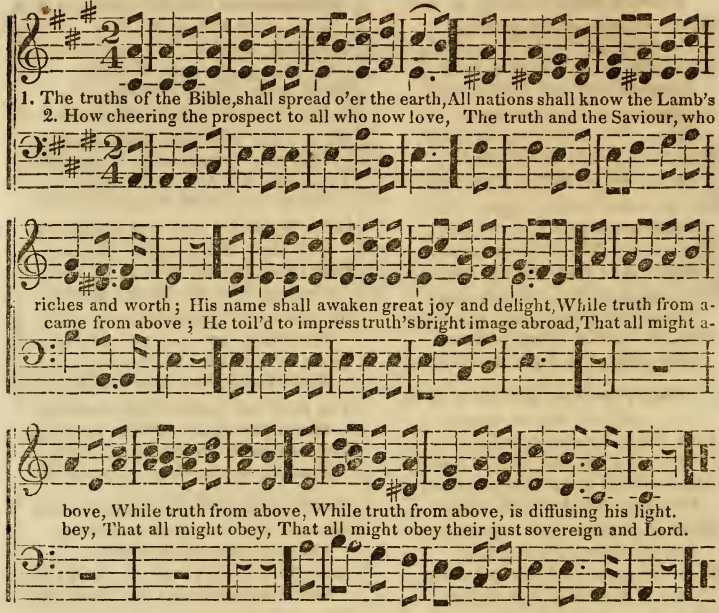
Sinners, hear the mighty Saviour;
Love and pity fill his breast,
Now, in accents sweet, he calls you;
Come and taste the promised rest.

Though in sorrow now ye labor,
Weary souls with sin opprest,
Jesus bids you come and welcome—
Come and taste the promised rest.

Though your sins be red like crimson,
And ten thousand foes infest,
He is mighty to deliver;
Come and taste the promised rest.

THE TRUTH SHALL TRIUMPH. 11s.

Words by P. Stow. (*Portuguese Hymn.*)



We hail that bright epoch the prophet once saw;
When nation with nation shall not be at war;
But peace, love and rapture shall thrill every soul,
While anthems of gladness o'er earth and sea roll.

Let Truth be our buckler and we may impart
The balm that will gladden, and heal the sad heart;
A hope that will triumph o'er death and the grave,
And rest with Truth's victors, a *well done* receive.

Evening Hymn. 11s.

See! daylight is fading o'er earth and o'er ocean:
The sun has gone down on the far distant sea;
O now, in the hush of life's fitful commotion,
We lift our tired spirits, blest Saviour, to Thee.

Full oft wast Thou found afar on the mountain,
As eventide spread her dark wing o'er the wave—
Thou Son of the Highest. and Life's endless fountain,
Be with us, we pray Thee, to bless and to save.

And oft as the tumult of life's heaving billow,
Shall toss our frail bark, driving wild o'er night's deep,
Let thy healing wing be stretched over our pillow,
And guard us from evil though Death watch our sleep.

To God, our great Father, whose throne is in Heaven,
Who dwells with the lowly and contrite in heart—
To the Son and the Spirit all glory be given:
One God ever blessed and holy Thou art.

Pity the Seaman. 11s.

O think on the Sailor toss'd on the billow!
Afar from the home of his childhood and youth;
No mother to watch o'er his sleep-broken pillow,
No father to counsel, no sister to soothe.

Ah! little know ye, who are peacefully sleeping
On home's downy pillow, unwaken'd and warm,
The woes of the seaman, his dreary watch keeping,
Amid all the terrors of midnight and storm.

Oh say! shall the man thus to banishment driven,
From all that entwines round the bosom below,
Be sternly shut out from communion with heaven,
And end his sad life in a mansion of woe?

Pour, pour on his pathway of tempest and gloom,
The radiant light of the Gospel of peace;
And Bethlehem's star shall his passage illume
To the haven where darkness and tempest shall cease.

Poetry by Byrom. (*Hinton.*)

1. The Lord is our shepherd, our guardian and guide; What-ev-er we
2. The Lord is our shepherd, what then shall we fear? Shall dangers af-

want he will kind - ly pro-vide; To sheep of his pas - ture his
fright - en us while he is near? O, no—when he calls us, we'll

mercies a-bound; His care and pro-tec - tion his flock will surround.
walk thro' the vale, The shadow of death, but our hearts shall not fail.

Afraid by ourselves to pursue the dark way,
Thy rod and thy staff be our comfort and stay:
We know, by thy guidance, when once it is past,
To life and to glory it brings us at last.

The Lord is become our salvation and song;
His blessings have followed us all our life long;—
His name will we praise from the heart, with our breath,
Be joyful through life, and resigned in our death.

Rest in Heaven. 11s. P. S.

How sweet is that home where the weary shall rest;
No toil, no temptations are known by the blest;
A bright bow of glory will shine o'er their way,
And saints with the angels will chant a sweet lay.

There shall be no night, in that blessed abode;
For all shall behold the bright image of God;
His light will illume and cheer every soul,
While age after age shall unceasingly roll.

No sorrow will enter, to sadden the heart,
No words will embitter the soul with a smart;
Sweet thoughts and kind words will be spoken above;
While the *Throne of the Holy* is glowing with love.

Let rays from sweet home, my pathway now light,
And give me fresh courage, to "fight the good fight,"
To finish my course, and receive a bright crown,
And dwell with my Saviour and rest in my Home.

The Cross is my Anchor. 11s.

THE CROSS IS MY ANCHOR,—though wave follow wave,
Though frail be my vessel, this anchor shall save,
Let faith in full vigor now trust in the Lord;
Midst dangers I rest in his life-giving word.

THE CROSS IS MY ANCHOR,—'tis steady and sure,
Within the veil holding all storms I endure;
My Saviour has entered a priest on His throne,
I trust in His promise, and in Him alone.

THE CROSS IS MY ANCHOR.—All storms shall soon cease,
My vessel, though frail, reach the haven of peace:
No shipwreck or storm need I ever more fear,
When danger's extreme, then my Saviour is near.

THE CROSS IS MY ANCHOR,—I now hear His voice,
"Fear not, it is I," now trust and rejoice;
The last storm now low'ring, may speedily come,
I'll trust in His mercy and soon reach my home.

GOD GLORIOUS. 10s & 11s.

Poetry by Grant. (*Lyons.*)

1. O, worship the King, all glorious a - bove, And grate-ful - ly
2. O, tell of his might, and sing of his grace, Whose robe is the

sing his won - der - ful love, Our Shield and De - fend - er, the
light, whose can - o - py, space; His chariots of wrath the deep

Ancient of Days, Pa-vill-ioned in splendor, and gird - ed with praise.
thunder-cloud's form, And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

Father Almighty, how faithful thy love!
While angels delight to hymn thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to thy praise.

God's Servants should praise Him. 10s & 11s. WINCHELL'S SEL.

Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious; he rules over all.

God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh; his presence we have:
The great congregation his triumph shall sing
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

"Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son:
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

Then let us adore, and give him his right,—
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

The Believer's Voyage. H. M.
CHRISTIAN HYMNS.

Jesus, at thy command,
I launch into the deep;
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep.
For thee I would the world resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

Thou art my pilot wise;
My compass is thy word;
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord!
I trust thy faithfulness and power
To save me in the trying hour.

Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie,
Yet Christ will safely keep
And guide me with his eye;
My anchor hope shall firm abide,
And every boist'rous storm outride.

Come, Holy Ghost, and blow
A prosp'rous gale of grace;
Waft me from all below,
To heaven, my destined place;
Then in full sail my port I'll find
And leave the world and sin behind.

Seaman's Prayer. L. M.
HOWE'S HYMNS.

Beset with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand;
Saviour divine! diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

If thou, my Jesus, still art nigh,
Cheerful I live, and cheerful die:
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

Deliverance in a Storm. C. M.
MADAN'S COLL.

Our little bark, on boist'rous seas,
By cruel tempest tossed,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Expecting to be lost.—

We to the Lord, in humble prayer,
Breathed out our sad distress;
Though feeble, yet with contrite hearts,
We begged return of peace.

The stormy winds did cease to blow;
The waves no more did roll;
And soon again a placid sea
Spoke comfort to each soul.

O, may our grateful, trembling hearts
Sweet hallelujahs sing
To him who hath our lives preserved,
Our Saviour and our King.

Reapers of the Sea. L. M. H. S. C.

Seamen! there's noble work for you;
Your mission is to plough the sea,
The seed of gospel grace to sow,
And reap for immortality.

"Thy bread upon the waters cast,"
It shall be fruitful on the wave,
Return to thee a sweet repast,
And many famished ship mates save.

How rich the harvest of the deep!
Its sheaves are souls of priceless cost,
These would the Saviour have you reap,
And gather quickly, ere they're lost.

No matter, then what storms should come,
E'en though thy sheaves were 'cast away,'
The mounting wave would bear them home,
For winds and waves thy Lord obey.

Jesus precious to them that believe.
C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Jesus, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.

Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust:
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there,—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last, laboring breath,
And, dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

Desiring a heavenly Breeze. C. M.

O for a breeze of heavenly love,
To waft my soul away
To the celestial world above,
Where pleasures ne'er decay.

Eternal Spirit, deign to be
My pilot here below,
To guide through life's tempestuous sea,
Where winds do stormy blow.

From rocks of pride on either hand,
From quicksands of despair,
O guide me safe to Canaan's land,
Through every fatal snare.

Anchor me in that port above,
On that celestial shore,
Where dashing billows never move,
Where tempests never roar.

Success of the Gospel. 7s & 6s.
S. F. SMITH.

The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:

Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:

Each cry, to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;

While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,—
A nation in a day.

Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:

Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is como."

The Christian Pilgrimage. 7s & 6s.
(Peculiar.) CENNICK.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from all terrestrial things,
Towards heaven, thy native place:

Sun, and moon, and stars, decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:

So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies:

Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

Doxology. 7s & 6s.

To thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of kings:
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings:

We'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

The Promise of God sure. 8s.

SEARLE.

How sweet on thy bosom to rest,
When nature's affliction is near!
The soul that can trust thee is blest;
Thy smiles bring me freedom from fear.

The Lord has in kindness declared
That those who will trust in his name
Shall in the sharp conflict be spared,
His mercy and love to proclaim.

This promise shall be to my soul
A messenger sent from the skies,
An anchor when billows shall roll,
A refuge when tempests arise.

O Saviour, the promise fulfil;
Its comfort impart to my mind;
Then calmly I'll bow to thy will,
To the cup of affliction resigned.

The union of Saints. 8s.

DR. BALDWIN.

From whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquer'd by love:
It fastens our souls in such ties,
As distance and time can't remove.

It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a Paradise lost;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus's dear blood it did cost.

My brethren are dear unto me,
Our hearts all united in love;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansion above.

With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glories shall see;
Singing, hallelujah! amen!
Amen! even so let it be.

The Admired of Heaven. L. M.

BY REV. S. HOWE.

O chief of all the heavenly throng,
Amid ten thousand spirits blest,
Is he, to whom resounds the song,
Where wearied pilgrims ever rest.

Amid ten thousand angel forms,
None shines so fair to bless the sight,
As he, who, in the darkest storms,
Sheds forth the beams of joyous light.

No mighty arm so strong to save
Of countless hosts, that wait his will.
As his, who trod the heaving wave,
And bade the raging sea "be still."

Of all the lovely e'er below;
Of all the holy ones above;
He stands the chief where seraphs glow;
The loveliest far where all is love.

Saviour, hear our Prayer. S. M.

J. M. HEWES.

Dear Saviour, hear our prayer,—
We bow before thy throne;
O may we find acceptance there,
And peace before unknown.

Dear Saviour, hear our prayer,—
O turn not thou away;
For in temptation's fearful hour
Thou art our only stay.

Dear Saviour, hear our prayer,—
No other power but thine
Can fill our souls with heavenly joy,
With rays of light divine.

Dear Saviour, hear our prayer,—
On thee alone we call;
O keep our feet in wisdom's way,
That we may never fall.

Christ the soul's anchor. C. M.
BY REV. S. HOWE.

My soul has fixed her firmest hope,
On Him who bled to save,
And steadfast anchored fearless meets
Each storm and swelling wave.

Though darkest tempests fiercely rise,
And raging billows roll;
Not all their might from Him shall part,
Nor daunt my trusting soul.

More firm they'll bind my willing heart
To prospects fair and blest,
Till trackless waves be braved no more,
And gained the shore of rest.

Early Piety. C. M. LOGAN.

How happy is the child who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

Wisdom has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than is the gain of gold.

She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

Lasting Pleasures. C. M. TAYLOR.

Come, let us now forget our mirth,
And think that we must die;
What are our best delights on earth,
Compared with those on high!

Our pleasures here will soon be past—
Our brightest joys decay;
But pleasures there forever last,
And cannot fade away.

Death of a Scholar. C. M.

Death has been here, and borne away
A brother from our side;
Just in the morning of his day,
As young as we, he died.

We cannot tell who next may fall
Beneath thy chastening rod;
One must be first, but let us all
Prepare to meet our God.

All needful strength is thine to give,
To thee our souls apply
For grace to teach us how to live,
And make us fit to die.

Then to thy wisdom and thy care
We would resign our days;
Content to live and serve thee here,
Or die and sing thy praise.

We are but young. L. M.

We are but young—yet we may sing
The praises of our heavenly King;
He made the earth, the sea, the sky,
And all the starry worlds on high.

We are but young—we need a guide;
Jesus, in thee we would confide;
O lead us in the path of truth,
Protect and bless our helpless youth.

We are but young—yet God has shed
Unnumbered blessings on our head;
Then let our youth in riper days
Be all devoted to his praise.

We are but young—yet we must die;
Our day of death perhaps is nigh;
Lord, may we early seek thy grace,
And find in Christ a hiding-place.

Praise to God. C. M.

Ye Christian Seamen, praise the Lord,
To you the work belongs;
For God invites you by his word
To raise your gospel songs

Rejoice in his redeeming love,
His wondrous mercy tell,
How Christ descended from above
To save your souls from hell.

Let the sweet praises of his name
Resound from pole to pole;
To every shore his grace proclaim
As far as billows roll.

At every time, in every place,
The glorious theme pursue;
And long to praise him face to face,
In anthems ever new.

Remember the Sailor. C. M.

Pray for the Sailor—pray for him
While tossing on the deep,
That harmlessly the raging storm
May round his vessel sweep.

When clouds o'erhang the wintry sky,
And howls the tempest loud,
Pray that the angry billows may
Not be the sailor's shroud.

Pray for his safety and return,
Some humble cot to cheer,
Where hearts with pain and anguish burn
In every storm's career.

Pray for the sailor—that his soul,
When all his toils are o'er,
In heaven be safely moored at last,
To live for evermore.

Hope in God. C. M.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Appear for my defence, my God,
And let thy shield be spread
Around the sailor's lonely heart,
And unprotected head.

Let not my hope in thee be crossed,
Who have no help beside,
Nor on the winds my prayer be lost,
Thou Everlasting Guide.

Uphold me in temptation's field,
Where I am called to go,
Nor let my feeble spirit yield
To earthly sin and woe.

For though the wildest storms may rise
And darkness rule the sphere,
The hope that anchors in the skies
Hath nought to do with fear.

The Bible the Light of the World. C. M. COWPER.

What glory gilds the sacred page!
Majestic, like the sun,
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
Its truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

Confidence in atoning Blood. C. M.

O Lord, when billows o'er me rise,
When deep cries out to deep,
When angry clouds obscure the skies,
My soul in safety keep.

Thy promise has in troubles past
My staff of succor been;
Support me now, while trials last,
Nor leave me in my sin.

No sacrifice my soul can plead,
But that rich offering paid,
When Christ on Calvary deigned to bleed,
And full atonement made.

Forever here I rest my cause;
In faith I make this plea:
Christ hath obeyed thy righteous laws;
Christ hath expired for me.

The Lost Found. C. M.
NEEDHAM.

O, how divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And, with an humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!

Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

Well pleased the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan,
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire;
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

Prayer. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

Devotion. C. M. BEDDOME.

Prayer is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame,

It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast;
Yields comfort to the mourners here,
And to the weary rest.

When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear;
To him there's music in a groan,
And beauty in a tear.

The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since He for sinners intercedes,
Who once for sinners died.

Invitation to Christ. L. M.

BY REV. J. NEWTON BROWN.

Come, sinner! at our Lord's command,
We would persuade thee now to come;
O, shrink not back, but yield thy hand,
And, wanderer! we will lead thee home.

O, linger not! thou lost one, come,
And give each sinful pleasure o'er;
Is not thy guilt a countless sum?
Why wilt thou, lingerer! make it more?

Hast thou no pity on thy soul,
Whose deep defilement thou hast seen?
Come where the streams of mercy roll;
O, wash! and be forever clean!

For thee a Saviour's heart hath bled;
To give thee peace, He bore thy pain;
O, stay not till thy day is fled;
O, crucify Him not again!

Christ upon the Cross. L. M.

STENNETT.

"'Tis finished!"—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died:
'Tis finished!—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

'Tis finished!—this his dying groan
Shall sins of deepest hue atone,
And millions be redeemed from death
By Jesus' last, expiring breath.

'Tis finished!—Heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled;
Peace, love, and happiness, again
Return, and dwell with sinful men.

'Tis finished!—let the joyful sound
Be heard thro' all the nations round:
'Tis finished!—let the triumph rise,
And swell the chorus of the skies.

Not ashamed of Christ. L. M.

GRIGG.

Jesus, and shall it ever be—
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days!

Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No!—when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

Ashamed of Jesus!—yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;
And, O, may this my glory be,—
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

Enjoyment of Christ's Love. L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Jesus, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare,
Unite my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there.

Thy love, how cheering is its ray!
All pain before its presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away
Where'er its healing beams arise.

O, let thy love my soul enflame,
And to thy service sweetly bind;
Transfuse it through my inmost frame,
And mould me wholly to thy mind.

Thy love, in sufferings, be my peace;
Thy love, in weakness, make me strong;
And, when the storms of life shall cease,
Thy love shall be in heaven my song.

The Christian's Prospect. L. M.

What sinners value I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

This life's a dream—an empty show;
But that bright world to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere:
When shall I wake, and find me there?

O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God,
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of my soul.

My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,
Then burst the chains, with glad surprise
And in my Saviour's image rise.

The better Land. L. M.

There is a land mine eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glory fraught.

A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There, those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.

Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light;
It hath no need of suns to rise,
To dissipate the gloom of night.

There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wanderer there a home may find
Within the Paradise of God.

The Physician of the Soul. L. M.

STEELE.

Deep are the wounds which sin has made,
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is Nature's aid;
The work exceeds her utmost power.

But can no sovereign balm be found?
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound
Ere life and hope forever fly?

There is a great Physician near;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
See, in his heavenly smiles appear
Such help as nature cannot give.

See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow:
'Tis only that dear, sacred flood
Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe.

Heaven alone unfading. L. M.

How vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this!

The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The withering grass, the fading flower
Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
The glory of a passing hour.

But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a brighter world on high,
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

Then let the hope of joys to come,
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears;
If God be ours, we're travelling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.

The Righteous Blest. S. M.

WATTS.

The man is ever blest
  Who shuns the sinner's ways,
Among their councils never stands,
  Nor takes the scorner's place,—

But makes the law of God
  His study and delight,
Amidst the labors of the day,
  And watches of the night.

He, like a tree, shall thrive,
  With waters near the root;
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live,
  His works are heavenly fruit.

Not so th' ungodly race;
  They no such blessings find:
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
  Before the driving wind.

Blessings sought in Prayer. S. M.

NEWTON.

Behold the throne of grace!
  The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
  And waits to answer prayer.

Thine image, Lord, bestow,
  Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
  And reign with thee above.

Teach me to live by faith;
  Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
  And then in glory shine.

If thou these blessings give,
  And wilt my portion be,
All worldly joys I'll cheerful leave,
  And find my heaven in thee.

Ingratitude deplored. S. M.

WATTS.

Is this the kind return?
  Are these the thanks we owe?
Thus to abuse eternal love,
  Whence all our blessings flow?

To what a stubborn frame
  Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange, rebellious wretches we!
  And God as strangely kind!

Turn, turn us, mighty God,
  And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of [stone,
  And give us hearts of flesh.

Let past ingratitude
  Provoke our weeping eyes;
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
  Let hourly thanks arise.

Prayer for Deliverance. S. M.

RIPPON'S COL.

Like Israel, Lord, am I;
  My soul is at a stand;
A sea before, a host behind,
  And rocks on either hand.

O Lord, I cry to thee,
  And would thy word obey;
Bid me advance; and, through the sea
  Create a new-made way.

The time of greatest straits,
  Thy chosen time has been
To manifest thy power is great,
  And make thy glory seen.

O, send deliverance down;
  Display the arm divine;
So shall the praise be all thy own,
  And I be doubly thine.

Rest for the weary Soul. S. M.
MONTGOMERY.

O, where shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O, what eternal terrors hang
Around the second death!

Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

Christ's Compassion. S. M.
BEDDOME.

Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

Union and Peace. S. M.
WATTS.

Blest are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please,
Through all their actions run.

Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

From those celestial springs
Such streams of pleasure flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honors can bestow.

Thus, when on Aaron's head,
They poured the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And fragrance filled the room.

Thus, on the heavenly hills,
The saints are blest above,
Where joy, like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

Joy in the Conversion of Sinners. S. M. SWAIN.

Who can forbear to sing,
Who can refuse to praise,
When Zion's high, celestial King
His saving power displays?—

When sinners at his feet,
By mercy conquered, fall?
When grace, and truth, and justice, meet,
And peace unites them all?

Who can forbear to praise
Our high, celestial King,
When sovereign, rich, redeeming grace,
Invites our tongues to sing?

The heroic, yet disconsolate Sailor. L. M.

The heroic sailor who periled his own life, to rescue a man from drowning, at the East Boston Ferry, Nov. 29th, 1848. When asked his name, replied, "*It's of no consequence, nobody cares a copper for me.*" This impressive reply, suggested the following lines. R. S.

"No one on earth now cares for me!"
This sad reply, child of the sea;
Will kindle tho'ts and bid them flow,
While musing on thy words of wo.

No one, brave sailor, cares for thee?
Thy path, how gloomy it must be;
Hast thou no one to soothe thy heart,
Or rapture to thy soul impart?

No one, kind sailor, cares for thee?
Behold the Saviour! to Him flee;
He sweetly calls, who is thy friend,
You may upon his love depend.

No one, bold sailor, cares for thee?
Come then, and find true liberty;
Bright angels round the Throne will sing,
O'er thee, an heir of Zion's King.

No friends or kindred cares for thee?
Brave sailor! we will for you plea,
A helping hand to thee extend,
While o'er the sea, and on the land.

What if the world is *cold* to thee? [sea,
And friends prove treach'rous like the
The Lord of glory groaned and bled,
And bowed for *thee*, his sacred head.

Cheer, cheer thy soul with this sweet tho't,
That there is *One*, forgets thee not;
He will each noble deed record,
And faithful souls, in heaven reward.

Sinners invited to Repentance. L. M.
DWIGHT.

While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given:
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night,
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

Now God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

Sense of Sin. L. M. STEELE.

Jesus demands this heart of mine,
Demands my love, my joy, my care;
But, ah, how dead to things divine,
How cold, my best affections are!

'Tis sin, alas! with dreadful power,
Divides my Saviour from my sight;
O for one happy, shining hour
Of sacred freedom, sweet delight!

Come, gracious Lord; thy love can raise
My captive powers from sin and death,
And fill my heart and life with praise,
And tune my last, expiring breath.

The Tongue. L. M.

All kinds of beasts, and birds, and whales
Are tamed by men, with skilful art;
The serpent brood, whose tongue assails,
With sting and poison, mildly part.

But, O! the tongue of fallen man,
How small, how boasting, and how dire;
A world of sin, whose influence can
All nature's course involve in fire.

Behold, how great and dire a wreck
From storms of passion, float ashore;
Behold, from sin's tempested deck,
A world in flames, and man no more.

Lord, keep my lips, my tongue from guile,
My soul from rage, my words from guilt,
Nor let me thus a world defile,
For which thy sacred blood was spilt.

Let but this wandering sinful bark
Be steered by Christ, and filled with love
His grace can quench each rising spark,
And round the world I'll peaceful rove.

Burden of Guilt. L. M. BEDDOME.

Lord, with a grieved and aching heart,
To thee I look, to thee I cry;
Supply my wants, and ease my smart;
O, hear an humble prisoner's sigh.

Here on my soul the burden lies;
No human power can ease the load;
My numerous sins against me rise,
And far remove me from my God.

Break, break, O Lord, these tyrant chains,
And set the struggling captive free;
Redeem from everlasting pains,
And bring me safe to heaven and thee.

Song of Gratitude and Praise. L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

God of my life, through all my days
I'll tune the grateful notes of praise;
The song shall wake with opening light
And warble to the silent night.

When anxious care would break my rest,
And grief would tear my throbbing breast
The notes of praise, ascending high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy thro'my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

But, O, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies!

Then shall I learn th' exalted strains
That echo through the heavenly plains,
And emulate with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

Heavenly Aspirations. L. M.

WATTS.

Up to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my tho'ts ascend on high;
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

O, might I once mount up and see
The glories of th' eternal skies,
How vain a thing this world would be!
How empty all its fleeting joys!

Great All in All, eternal King,
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

God's Presence makes Death easy.
C. M. WATTS.

Death cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk thro' its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

I could renounce my all below,
If my Redeemer bid;
And run, if I were called to go,
And die as Moses did.

Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promised land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And welcome the command,

Clasped in my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

Dependance on God. C. M. J. H. H.

Our God we bow before thy throne,
And supplicate thy grace;
We would thy sovereign justice own,
And gladly seek thy face.

Our numerous sins we would confess,
Our wanderings, Lord, from thee;
We plead our Saviour's righteousness,
To him for refuge flee.

Tho' fierce the storms that often beat,
And rude the blasts that roar,
We'll bow before thy mercy-seat,
Thy guidance to implore.

Our souls will e'er in thee confide,
A refuge ever near;
As o'er the sea of life we glide,
May we thy grace revere.

"My Father's at the helm." C. M.
An Incident—Spiritually Improved.

'Twas when the seas with horrid roar
A little bark assail'd,
And pallid fear with awful pow'r,
O'er each on board prevail'd;

Save one,—the captain's darling child;
Who fearless view'd the storm,
And, playful, with composure smil'd
At danger's threat'ning form.

"Why sporting thus?" a seaman cries,
"Whilst sorrows overwhelm?"
"Why yield to grief?" the boy replies;
"My Father's at the helm!"

Poor doubting soul, from hence be taught
How groundless is thy fear;
Think what the power of Christ hath wro't,
And He is ever near.

Then upward look; do not distrust,
Jesus will guide thee home
To that eternal port of rest,
Where storms shall never come.

——— J. A. K.

On the Loss of a Child. C. M.

And is thy lovely shadow fled?
Yet stop those fruitless tears;
He from a thousand pangs is freed,
You from ten thousand fears.

Though lost, he's lost to earth alone,
Above he will be found;
Amidst the stars, and near the throne,
Which babes like him surround

Look upward, and your child you'll see,
Fix'd in his blest abode;
What parent would not childless be
To give a child to God?

Change. L. M. BY D. RADFORD.

Change comes with ruthless hand to mar
All that we fondly cherish here,
She darkly clouds life's brightest star,
And blights our hopes however dear.

And those who travel on life's way,
She dooms to sorrow and decay;
Until her last chill touch they feel
And death's embraces o'er them steal.

The world grows darker as it bears
Increasing weight of fleeting years,
And he from grief, whom childhood spares,
Must give to age his bitter tears.

In every season, every clime,
These follow in the track of time;
Misfortune's footsteps long delayed,
Care's anxious form, and sorrow's shade.

Submission. L M.

Father, 'tis right. I clasped the child,
And for a moment thought it mine;
Wild with a mother's joy, forgot
That child and mother both were thine.

Forgive a mother's selfish love,
And let the visit of thy rod,
Like some kind angel from above,
Bring back my wandering heart to God.

To snatch the idol from my sight,
Bespeaks a Father's tender care;
This tho't shall make the anguish light,
Love could not well the idol spare.

Father I bow me to thy will;
I love to think my child's with thee;
My trembling heart shall trust thee still,
Till I my child and God shall see.

The Goodness of God. L. M.

BY REV. J. NEWTON BROWN.

And wilt thou stoop, great God! so low,
As to behold with pitying eye,
Thy guilty creatures here below,
Condemned eternally to die?

Why do I ask in doubtful tone,
When, lo! upon the cross I see
Immanuel bleed, from love alone,
From pity to a wretch like me!

God in our nature, wondrous sight!
Endures the curse for man designed;
O, with what ravishing delight
A scene so glorious fills my mind!

God of immensity! thy love
Exceeds the grandeur of thy power!
Strike, strike your harps, ye hosts above,
While saints in sweeter strains adore.

The Greatness of God. L. M.

BY REV. J. NEWTON BROWN.

O Thou! the high and lofty One,
Whose dwelling is eternity;
Justice and judgment guard thy throne,
And prostate angels worship thee.

Dark and unsearchable thy ways,
To man mysterious and obscure!
Beyond the reach of mortal gaze,
The feeblest workings of thy power.

E'en in thine acts of Providence,
Which our unceasing wants supply,
Thy hand, stretched out for our defence,
Is still concealed from mortal eye.

In vain we stretch our sight to scan
The mysteries of thy chastening rod;
Awed by that voice which says to man,
'Be still, and know that I am God!'

The Lord's Supper. L. M.

WATTS.

'Twas on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes.

Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blest, and brake;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

"This is my body, broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine;
"'Tis the new covenant in my blood."

"Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

Consecration of the Cross. L. M.

WATTS.

When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were all the realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Remembering Christ. L. M.

O thou, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore;
Let every idol be forgot;
But, O my soul, forget him not.

Renounce thy works and ways, with grief,
And fly to this divine relief;
Nor Him forget, who left his throne,
And for thy life gave up his own.

Eternal truth and mercy shine
In him, and he himself is thine:
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms, forget?

O, no; till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

The Memorials of Grace. L. M.

WATTS.

Jesus is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

He knows what wandering hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

Let sinful joys be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem,
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on him.

While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live forever near his face.

Remembering Christ. C. M.

WARDLAW.

Remember thee, redeeming Lord!
While Memory holds her place,
Can we forget the Prince of life,
Who saves us by his grace?

The Lord of life, with glory crowned,
On heaven's exalted throne,
Remembers those for whom, on earth,
He heaved his dying groan.

His glory now no tongue of man
Or seraph bright can tell:
Yet 'tis the chief of all his joys
That souls are saved from hell.

For this he came and dwelt on earth;
For this his life was given;
For this he fought and vanquished death,
For this he pleads in heaven.

Join, all ye saints beneath the sky,
Your grateful praise to give;
Sing loud hosannas to the Lord,
Who died that you might live.

Home in Heaven. S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

My Father's house on high!
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!

I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Seraphic music pour.

O, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love—
The bright inheritance of saints,
My glorious home above.

The Heavenly Canaan. C. M.

WATTS.

There is a land of pure delight;
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, trembling, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,—
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Following Christ. 8s & 7s.

DODDRIDGE.

Humble souls, who seek salvation
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood
Hear the voice of revelation;
Tread the path that Jesus trod.

Hear the blest Redeemer call you;
Listen to his heavenly voice;
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make his ways your choice

Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay,
Gladly his command embracing;
Lo! your Captain leads the way.

In preparing for this solemn duty, let the body of the deceased person be laid on the deck, in a coffin or hammock, as the case may be; and when all are orderly assembled around, the person appointed to perform the service may read the following select portions from the Bible.

I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die. *John* xi. 25, 26. As by one man, sin entered into the world, and death by sin; so death passed upon all men, for all have sinned. *Rom.* 5. 12. It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this, the judgment. *Heb.* 9. 27. We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad. 2 *Cor.* 5. 10. My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, swifter than a post they flee away. They are passed away as the swift ships; as the eagle that hasteth to the prey. *Job.* 7. 6. *Job.* 9. 25. 26. There is but a step between me and death; Lord make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is, that I may know how frail I am. *Ps.* 39. 4. Watch and pray for ye know not the day nor the hour when the Son of man cometh. Be ye also ready. *Matt.* 25. 13.—24. 44,

This may be followed by a short exhortation, suggested by the feelings of the speaker; or, the following may be read.

My dear friends, we see here the end to which we are hastening. Death is what we must all come to at last. Death has come into our little company, and ushered our shipmate and friend into the presence of God, and to the amazing scenes of eternity. It is a solemn thing to exchange worlds. Yet there is no discharge in that war. This is a change we never pass but once. None return to tell us what they have experienced in the other world. All we know of it comes by the testimony of God, in the Bible. There is no opportunity to correct our mistakes. If we are wrong once, we are wrong forever. Let us profit by the admonitions of mortality. Let us lay it to heart that we must die. Soon we shall close the voyage of life, and then launch into the boundless ocean of eternity.

Here a hymn may be sung, or the funeral service begin here. When all hands are ready to launch the body over-board, the Leader may say,

Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God, in his wise providence, to take out of this world the soul of our deceased shipmate and friend, we therefore commit his body to the deep, looking for the resurrection of the body, when the sea shall give up her dead; when the corruptible bodies of those who sleep in Jesus, shall be changed, and made like unto his glorious body, according to the mighty working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself; and where the wicked also shall awake and come forth to shame and everlasting contempt.

Here launch the body overboard, let it have time to go down, and then all fall on their knees, while the Leader makes the following prayer.

O merciful God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the resurrection and the life; in whomsoever believeth, shall live though he die; and whosoever liveth and believeth on him, shall not die eternally; we humbly beseech thee, O Father, to raise us from the death of sin unto the life of righteousness; that when we shall depart this life, we may rest in him; and that at the general resurrection in the last day, we may be found acceptable in thy sight; and receive that blessing, which thy well-beloved Son shall then pronounce to all who love and fear thee, saying, Come, ye blessed children of my Father, receive the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world: Grant this, we beseech thee, O merciful Father through Jesus Christ our Mediator and Redeemer. *Amen.*

Close the solemn services with remarks, or singing a hymn on the 32, 76, 85, 87, 109, 116*th, or* 143*d page of this Book.*

The Dead Mariner. L. M.

BY C. D. PRENTICE.

The purple gems forever burn
In fadeless beauty round thy urn,
And pure and deep as infant love,
The blue sea rolls its *waves* above.

O'er thee mild eve her beauty flings,
And there the white gull lifts her wings,
And the blue halcyon loved to lave
Her plumage in the deep blue wave.

And there the sea-flower bright and young
Is sweetly o'er thy slumber flung,
And, like a weeping mourner fair,
The pale flag hangs its tresses there.

And when the wave has sunk to rest,
They then will murmur o'er thy breast;
And the bright victims of the sea,
Perchance will make their home with thee.

Tho' ships and waves will o'er thee glide,
Sweet tho'ts are hovering by thy side;
Oft will thy Mother view with tears,
The Eden of departed years.

The Mariner's Grave. C. M.

BY C. D. PRENTICE.

Sleep on! sleep on! above thy corse
The winds their Sabbath keep;
The waves are round thee, and thy breast
Heaves with the heaving deep.

Sleep oh! no willow o'er thee bends
With melancholy air,
No violet springs, nor dewy rose,
Its soul of love lays bare.

Sleep on! sleep on! the glittering depths
Of Ocean's coral caves,
Are thy bright urn, thy requiem
The music of its waves.

Sleep on! sleep on! the fearful wreck
Of mingling cloud and deep,
May leave its wild and stormy tack
Above thy place of sleep.

Sleep on! thy grave is far away,
But love bewails thee yet;
To thee the heart wrung sigh is breathed,
And lovely eyes are wet.

Burial at Sea. S. M.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Down to unfathomed depths,
Where hidden fountains flow,
Alone, his dreary bed to find,
The child of earth must go.

For him no funeral bell
May weeping friends convene,
Nor dust to kindred dust be laid
Within the church-yard green.

Farewell! one heavy plunge!
One cleft in ocean's floor!
And then the deaf and sullen surge
Sweeps on, and all is o'er.

We give thee earnest charge,
Oh sad, and solemn deep,
Safe in thy cold and strong embrace
This precious form to keep;

Till at the trumpet's sound,
Which fills the world with dread,
Thy caverns and the graves of earth
Shall render up their dead:

Then clothed in glorious light,
May this our friend arise,
And change thy dark, imprisoning cell,
For freedom in the skies.

All is Well. 10s & 6. 8s & 6.

What's this that steals, that steals
upon my frame?
Is it death? Is it death?
That soon will quench, will quench
this vital flame,
Is it death? Is it death?
If this be death, I soon shall be
From every pain and sorrow free,
I shall the King of glory see;
All is well, all is well.

Weep not my friends, my friends,
weep not for me,
All is well, all is well.
My sins are pardoned, pardoned, I
am free,
All is well, all is well;
There's not a cloud that doth arise,
To hide my Saviour from my eyes,
I soon shalt mount the upper skies;
All is well, all is well.

Hark, hark! my Lord, and Master
calls with grace;
All is well, all is well.
I soon shall see, shall see his heavenly
face,
All is well, all is well.
Farewell, dear friends, adieu, adieu;
I can no longer stay with you,
My glittering crown appears in view,
All is well, all is well.

Tune, tune your harps, ye saints in
glory sing,
All is well, all is well.
I'll praise, will praise, my Saviour,
and my King;
All is well, all is well.
Bright angels are from glory come,
They're round my bed, they're in
my room,
They wait to waft my spirit home.
All is well, all is well.

Not Yet. C. M. L. E. L.

"Not yet! the flowers are in my path,
My sun is in the sky;
Not yet! my heart is full of hope,
I cannot bear to die.

Not yet! I never knew till now,
How precious life could be;
Not yet, my heart is full of love;
I cannot come with thee."

But Love, and Hope, enchanted twain,
Passed in their falsehood by,—
Death came again—and then he said,
"I'm ready now to die."

Those blessed who die in the Lord.
C. M. WATTS.

Hear what the voice from heaven
For all the pious dead: [proclaims
"Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

"They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suffering and from sin released,
They're freed from every snare.

"Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward."

Loss of the Atlantic.

The Steamer Atlantic was lost on Thanksgiving day, in 1846 on her way to New York. Capt. Dustan, the intrepid commander, said, "If the Atlantic goes I go with her." He and many *loved ones* found a watery grave; and her Bell by a singular providence, was tolled mournfully by the wind and waves after their spirits had fled.

While others on the happy shore
  Made merry jubilee,
Ye heard the thunder-surges roar,
  Far on the cold night sea.

The darkness of that night's despair,
  The coldness of each breast,
Were deepened by the moonlit air
  Which showed your bed of rest.

No downy couch, no gaudy hall
  Invited you to sleep,
Your bed the rock where billows fall,
  Your chambers in the deep.

How gaily sang the wife afar!
  How would have changed her tone,
If by that evening's rising star
  Her husband's doom were known.

Oh! lips on land wore gladdest guise,
  And hearts throbbed wild in glee,
While pallid cheeks and ghastly eyes
  Found death upon the sea.

And streaming eyes are mourning now
  That festal's fatal close,
Which bound in blood the kindred brow
  Of some which wore the rose.

And he, the fearless martyr there,
  Who shared his vessel's tomb,
Who may unmoved the tidings bear
  That tell of Dustan's doom?

A seaman's honor his the fame
  Of all that dare to die;
Not strangers may repeat his name,
  And wear a tearless eye.

The shadow of his gloomy death
  May well make manhood weep;
But where can seaman spend his breath,
  More fit than on the deep.

Farewell, brave heart! though drearily
  Went down my sun at even;
I ask no nobler death for me
  To bear my soul to heaven.

"The Sea hath spoken." S. M.

The following hymn was sung at the funeral solemnities in Marblehead, occasioned by the loss of 11 vessels belonging to that town, with sixty-five men and boys, in a single gale in 1846.

God of the Mariner,
  We raise our prayers to thee;
Friend of the fatherless, a voice
  Comes o'er the deep dark sea:—

Where the wild billows rave
  Far mid the angry deep,
There have they found a watery grave,—
  For them we mourn and weep—

Those whom we loved the most,
  Father and brother dear,
Those who were once our joy and boast,—
  No more our homes will cheer.

Our heavenly Saviour, hear!
  We raise our prayers to thee,—
Friend of the poor and destitute,
  God of the mighty Sea.

Thus o'er the waves of grief
  Which in our bosoms swell,
Come with thy sweet relief and love
  And all our sorrow quell.

'I heard a voice from heaven.' S. M.

I heard a voice from heaven
  Say, "Blessed is the home
Of those whose trust is in the Lord,
  When sinking to the tomb!"

The Holy Spirit spake—
  And I the words repeat—
"Blessed are they,"—for, after toil,
  To mortals rest is sweet.

The War-Ship of Peace. C. M.

The Famine in Ireland of 1847, induced the benevolent Americans to send speedy relief to this land of sorrow and death. The United States Ship Jamestown, Capt R. B. Forbes, commander, made a remarkable short passage across the ocean; the winds of heaven were auspicious for their work of humanity. The following lines were composed on her arrival in Cork, BY SAMUEL LOVER.

Sweet land of song, thy harp doth hang
  Upon the willows, now,
While famine's blight and fever's pang
  Stamp misery on thy brow;

Yet, take thy harp and raise thy voice,
  Though faint and low it be,
And let thy sinking heart rejoice
  In friends, still left to thee.

Look out, look out across the sea
  That girds thy emerald shore,
A ship of war is bound for thee,
  But with no warlike store.

Her thunder sleeps—'tis Mercy's breath
  That wafts her o'er the sea,
She goes not forth to deal out death,
  But bears new life to thee.

Thy wasted hand can scarcely strike
  The chords of grateful praise;
Thy plaintive tone is now unlike
  Thy voice of prouder days.

Yet, even in sorrow, tuneful still
  Let Erin's voice proclaim
In bardic praise, on every hill
  Columbia's glorious name.

The Heroic Sailor. S. M. SIGOURNEY.

The circumstances here related, took place during the great fire in the city of New York, on the night of December 16th, 1836.

It was a fearful night!
  The fire devouring spread
From roof to roof, from street to street,
  And on their treasures fed.

Hark! 'tis a mother's cry,
  Shrill mid the tumult wild,
As rushing toward her flame-wrapped home
  She shrieks, "My child! my child!"

A wanderer from the wave,
  A sailor marked her woe,
And in his feeling bosom woke
  The sympathetic glow.

Quick up the cleaving stairs,
  With daring step he flew,
Though sable clouds of stifling smoke
  Concealed him from their view.

The astonished crowd beheld
  His bold, adventurous part,
And while they for his safety feared,
  Admired his noble heart.

For blazing timbers fell
  To choke his dangerous road,
And the far chamber where he groped
  Like reeking oven glowed.

How loud the exulting shout!
  When from that mass of flame,
Unhurt, unshrinking, undismayed,
  The brave deliverer came.

While in his victor arms
  A smiling infant lay,
Pleased with the flash that round his bed
  Had wound its glittering ray.

The mother's speechless tears,
  Forth like a torrent sped,
Yet ere the throng could learn his name
  That generous hero fled.

Not for the praise of man
  He wrought this deed of love,
But on a bright, unfading page,
  'Tis registered above.

The Burning Ship. L. M. P. S.

The Ship Thomas P. Cope of Philadelphia, on her way to Liverpool in 1846, was struck by lightning on the third day from port She had on board over seventy souls. They were on the burning ship six days and seven gloomy nights, expecting every moment that the flames would devour them. In this perilous condition they were discovered by the ship Emigrant, and all saved except a little girl, 6 years old, the mother was not able to carry both of her children on deck at once, she had but just time to escape with her dear boy. The seamen were in the act of putting on the hatches to prevent the flames from spreading, as she came up the hatchway. It was heart rending to listen to her tale of sorrow.

The noble ship glides swiftly o'er
The pathless sea, to a foreign shore;
Her flowing pennons proudly wave,
O'er noble hearts, all true and brave.

But see those clouds, they warring meet,
And battle o'er the mighty deep;
The lightnings flash, and thunders peal,
Vast ocean heaves and seamen reel.

The brilliant stars, the queen of night,
From periled strangers hide their light,
While forked lightnings o'er them play;—
Their lurid glare wraps night in day.

The vivid gleam now speeds its way;
That splendid ship is wrapt in spray;
The shock is o'er, the flames arise—
"The ship's on fire, the Captain cries."

That piercing cry filled hearts with grief,
Where shall they flee to find relief?
The boundless ocean's mighty flood,
Stays not the fire that's sent of God.

Alarm and fear now fill each soul;—
Still tempests roar, and thunders roll,
While flame and smoke ascend around,
And billows dash, and waves resound.

A mother rushes from her berth;
In wild dismay she gasps for breath!
She folds her children in her arms,
To snatch from death their tender forms.

What tongue can tell that mother's wo,
For that dear one that's left below?
Alone she dies, in black despair,
'Mid all a mother's tender care.

All human power, and wails were vain,
To quench that fire o'er ocean's main;
Amid the gloom of th' raging sea,
The Cope in flames alone must be.

The burning ship still sadly rides;
O'er the blue deep she swiftly glides;
Heeds not the shrieks and wild dismay,
As trembling hearts now weep and pray.

When waning hope had almost died,
The Cope on fire a seaman spied,
Far off upon the foaming deep,
Where heaving billows never sleep.

Behold! the Emigrant draws nigh,
To give relief to those who sigh!
Her generous Captain, noble crew,
The burning ship in haste pursue.

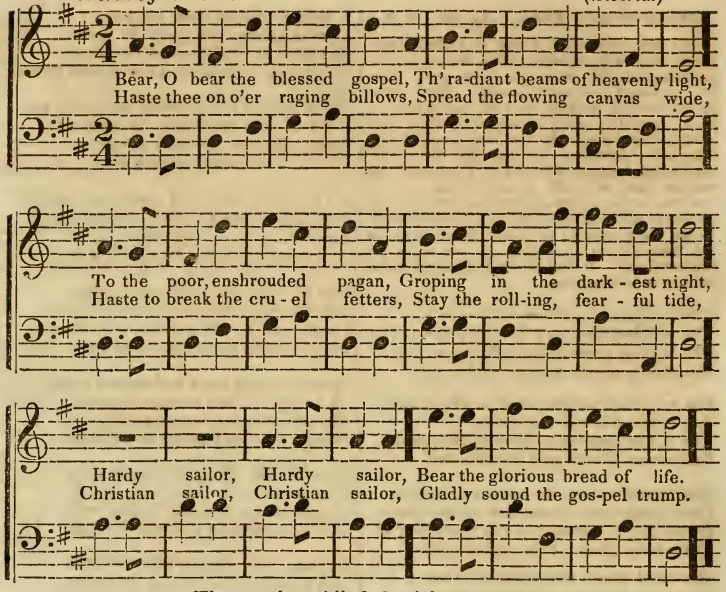
But see! the mighty billows foam,
And rising hopes oft sink in gloom;
An angry sea,—a ship on fire
Successive wake forebodings dire.

That kind relief is near at hand,
Yet some of this dejected band,
Must linger on the burning Cope,
Till sea subsides and gives fresh hope.

What language can that scene portray,
Of each dark night and cheerless day:
The hours of grief; what tongue can tell,
What hopes one *flash of light* may kill.

THE SAILOR A MISSIONARY. 8s, 7s & 4.

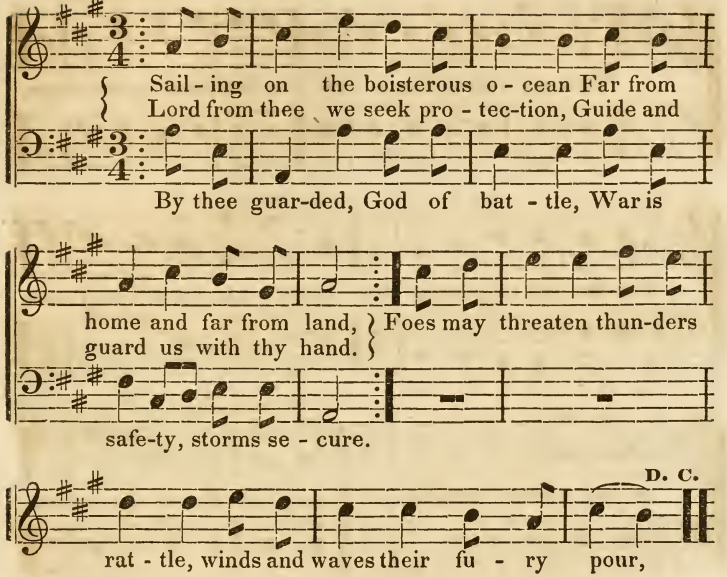
Words by J. H. H. (*Siberia.*)



There, where blind, benighted pagans
Bow before their idol shrine,
Let the gospel's light be kindled,
And in all its beauty shine.
Blessed gospel,
Let it spread from shore to shore.

Bear his name, the lowly Savior,
To a dark and heathen shore,
Till the gloom of idol worship,
Shrouds the souls of men no more.
Pious sailor,
Bear the cross of Christ afar.

(*Bavaria.*)



When with fears and dangers compassed,
  May we find thee strong to save;
All our hope, our trust we centre,
  In his might who walked the wave;
May thy mercy safe return us,
  From the perils of the deep,
In the world's wide ocean keep us,
  Heav'n's the haven that we seek.

WHEN OUR FATHERS. 7s.

(From the Sabbath School Harmony.)

When our Fathers long a - go, Fled from per-se-cu-tion's flame,

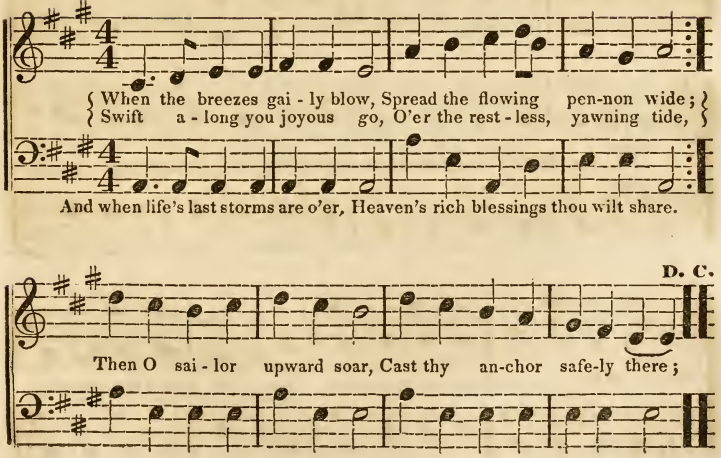
O'er the dark tempestuous sea, Hardy sai - lors with them came;

Pi - ous seamen knelt and pray'd, Worship'd there, on freedom's shore,

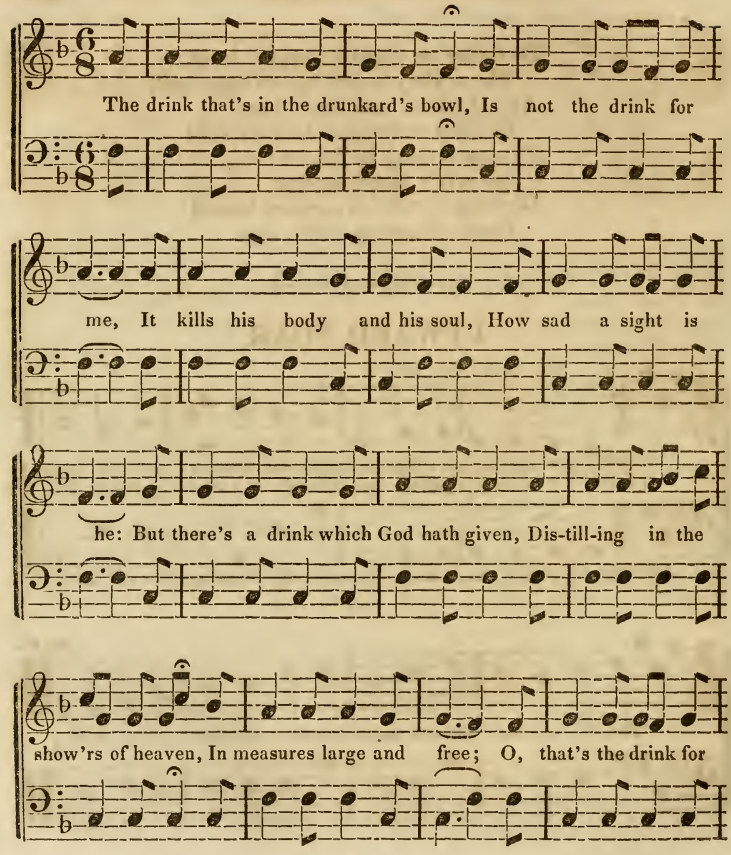
Rais'd the grate-ful notes of joy, Loud-er than the o - cean's roar.

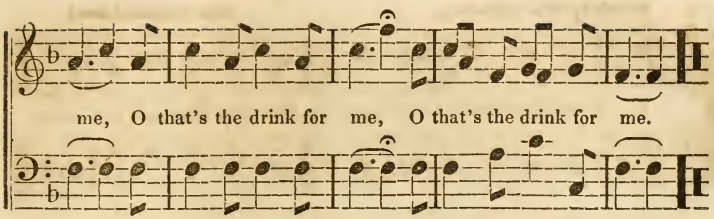
Bursting on night's darkest hour,
  There they heard the savage yell,
And the loud and fearful cry
  Of their comrades as they fell;
Freemen sang in later times,
  Liberty's inspiring lay,
Glowing hearts in concert hailed
  Each returning festal day.

UPWARD SOAR.



THE DRINK FOR ME. C. M. (DOUBLE.)



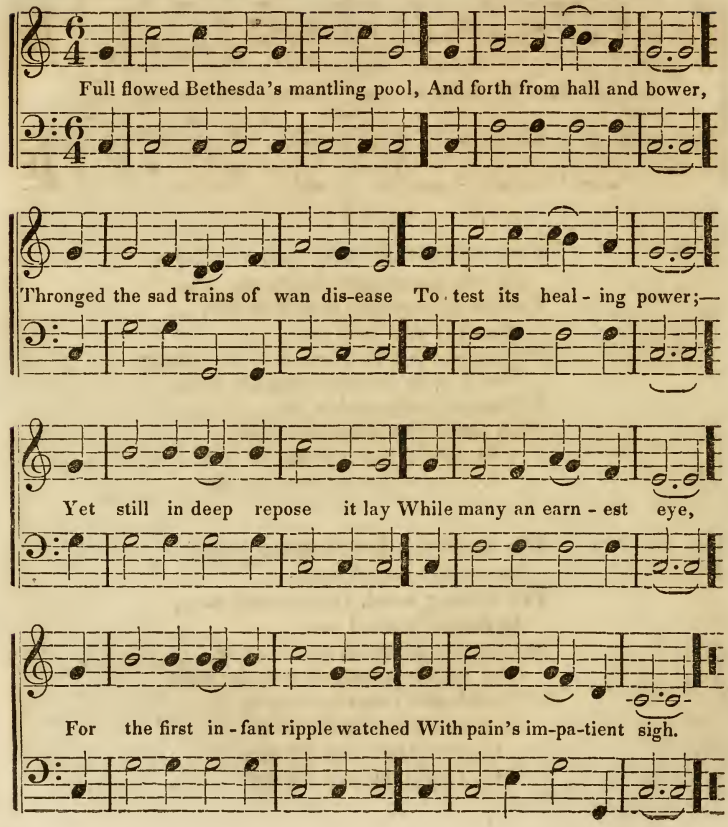


The stream that many prize so high,
  Is not the stream for me;
For he who drinks it still is dry,
  Forever dry he'll be.
But there's a stream so cool and clear,
  The thirsty traveler lingers near,
Refreshed and glad is he;
  O, that's the stream for me.
    O, that's the stream for me,
    O, that's the stream for me.

The wine-cup that so many prize,
  Is not the cup for me,
The aching head, the bloated face,
  In its sad train I see.
But there's a cup of water pure,
  And he who drinks it may be sure
Of health and length of days;
  O, that's the cup for me.
    O, that's the cup for me,
    O, that's the cup for me.

THE ANGEL OF THE WATERS. C. M.

Words by Mrs. Sigourney. (*The Mellow Horn.*)



Oh! if the fever of the mind,
  The palsy of the brain,
Should smite us, Father, till we find,
  All earthly helpers vain,—
Send forth thine angel to the stream,
  That holy health can give,
And bid him stir its blessed wave,
  That we may bathe and live.

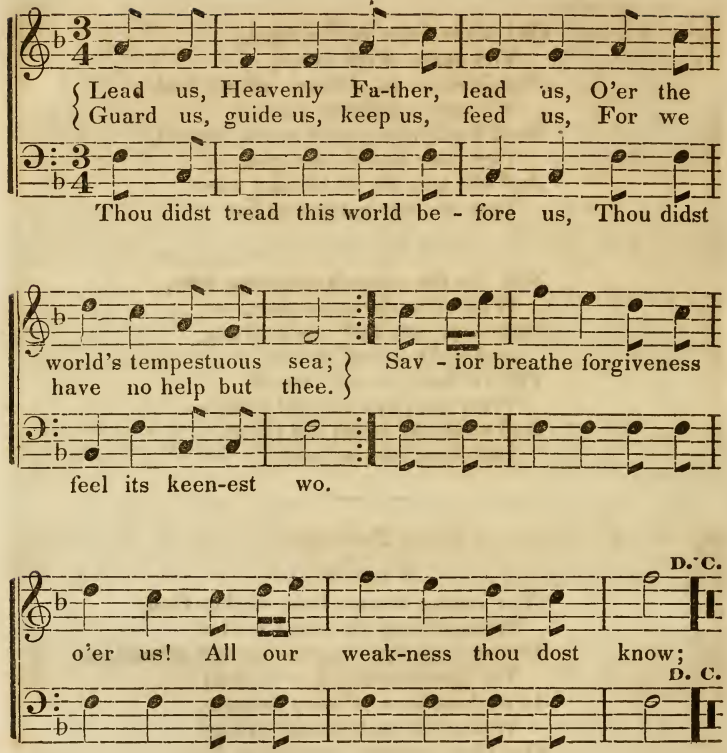
Still, for the ocean's suffering sons,
  Who oft in darkness pine,—
Incite our pity and our prayers,
  And wake a zeal divine,
Till we their poverty enrich
  With heaven's eternal gem,—
And what the angel did for us,
  Delighted do for them.

God's Protection.

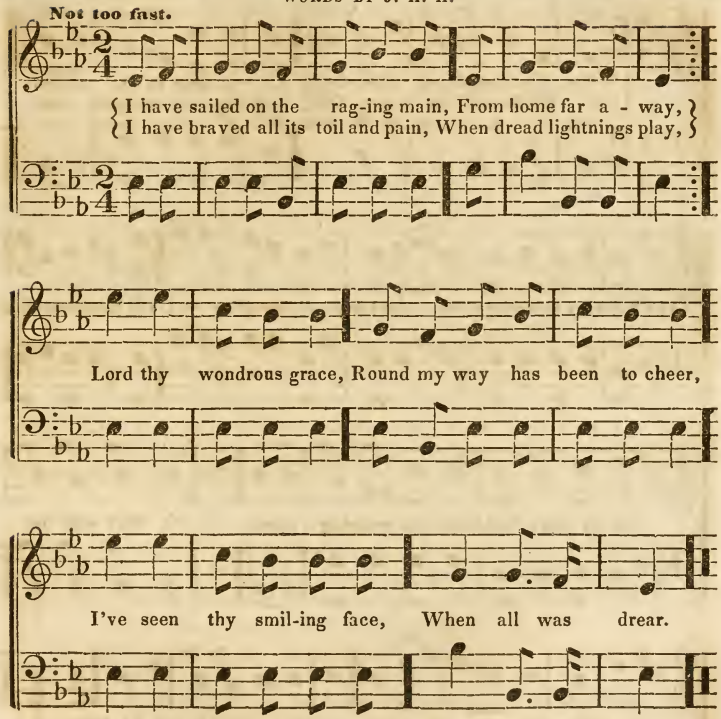
BY J. H. H.

O'er raging waves, thou mighty God,
  When rolling thunders pealed,
We've seen thy wonders spread abroad,—
  Thy glorious might revealed;
In darkest hour of deep despair,
  When billows towered on high,
Our God in mercy stooped to hear
  The humble sailor's cry.

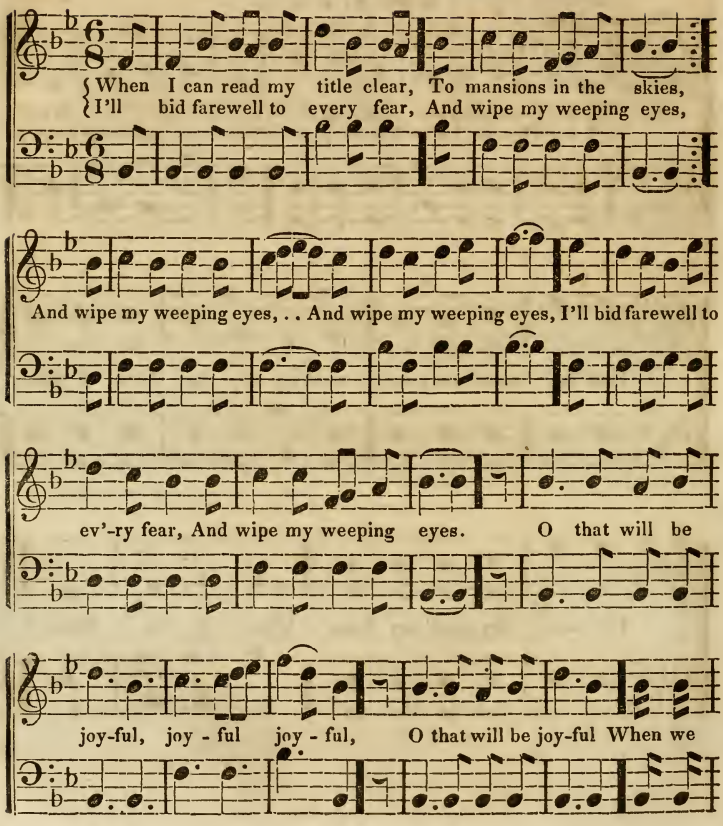
(*Let thy Kingdom.*)

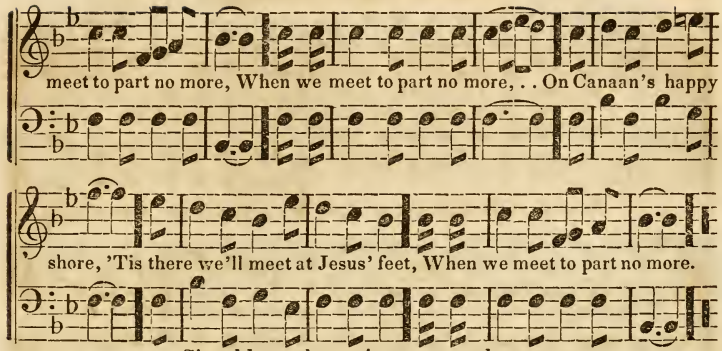


WORDS BY J. H. H.

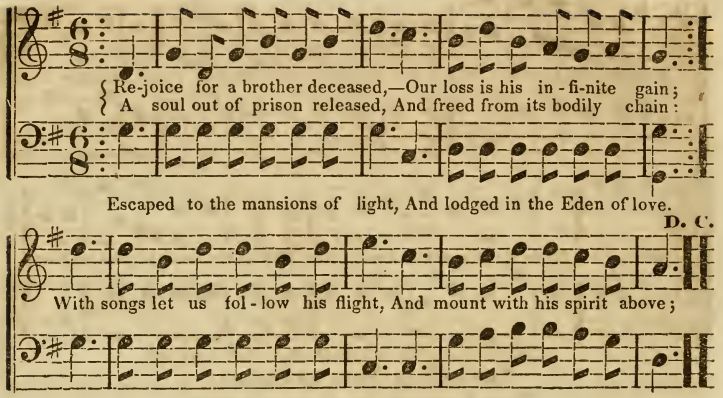

Not too fast.
I have sailed on the rag-ing main, From home far a - way,
I have braved all its toil and pain, When dread lightnings play,
Lord thy wondrous grace, Round my way has been to cheer,
I've seen thy smil-ing face, When all was drear.

When I can read my title clear. P. M.





Should earth against my soul engage,
  And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at satan's rage,
  And face a frowning world.
    O that will be, &c.
Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
  And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
  My God, my heaven, my all.
    O that will be, &c.
There shall I bathe my weary soul
  In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
  Across my peaceful breast,
    O that will be, &c.
When we've been there ten thousand years,
  Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
  Than when we first begun.
    O that will be, &c.



Our brother the haven hath gained,
  Outflying the tempest and wind,
His rest he hath sooner obtained,
  And left his companions behind;
Still tossed on a sea of distress,
  Hard toiling to make a blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
  And sorrow and sin are no more.

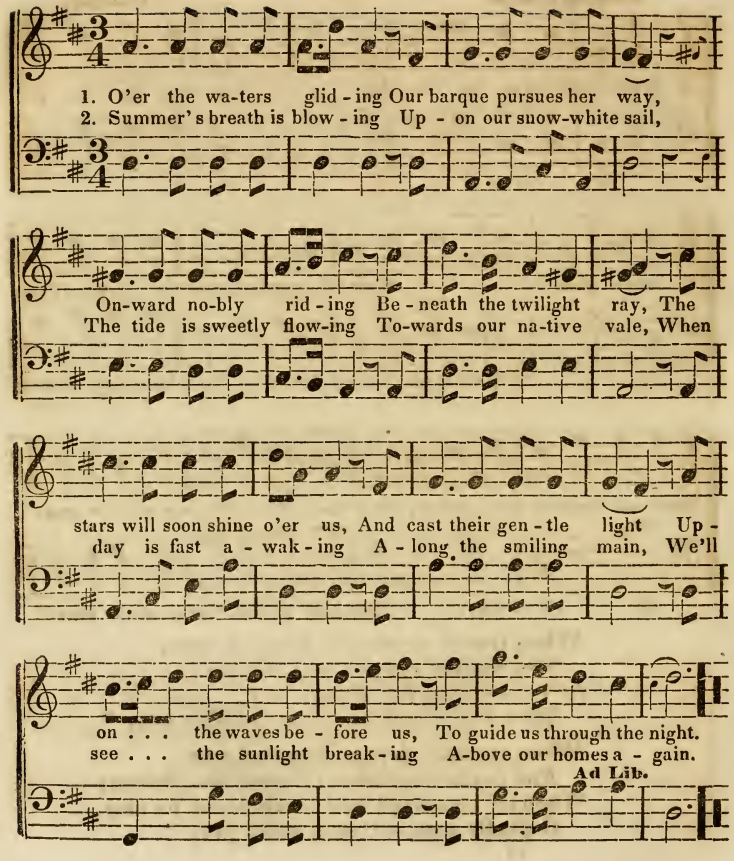
Then all the ship's company meet,
  Who sailed with the Saviour beneath;
With shouting, each other they greet,
  And triumph o'er sorrow and death:
The voyage of life's at an end,
  And mortal affliction is past:
The age that in heaven they spend,
  Forever and ever shall last.

Words by J. H. H. (*Devotion.*)

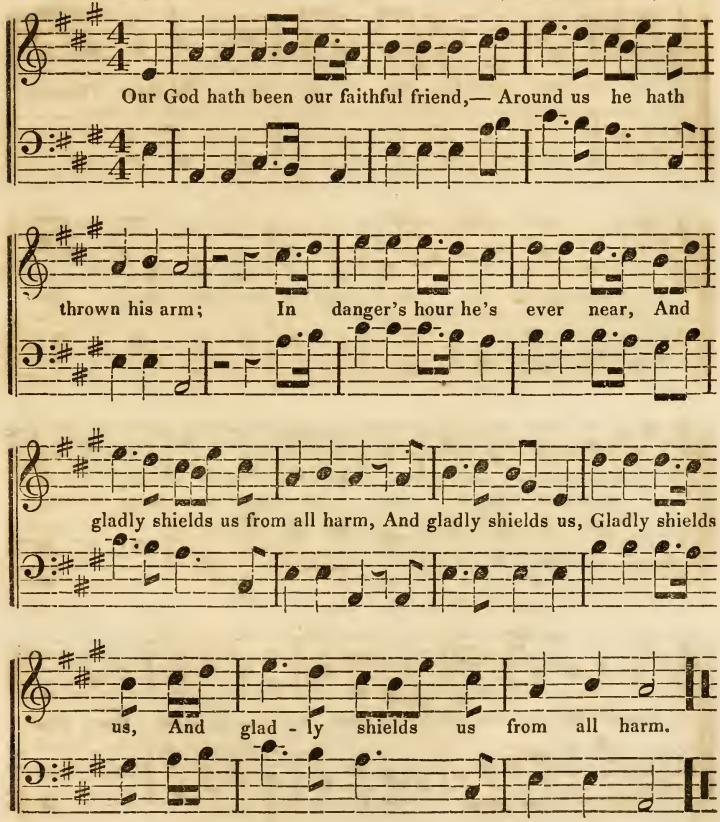
1. When launched up - on the bri - ny tide, You o'er its am - ple bosom glide; From home and kindred far a-way, From home and kindred far away, From home and kindred home and kindred far away, Then look above,—"pray sai - lor pray." far a - way, Then look above, "pray sai-lor pray."

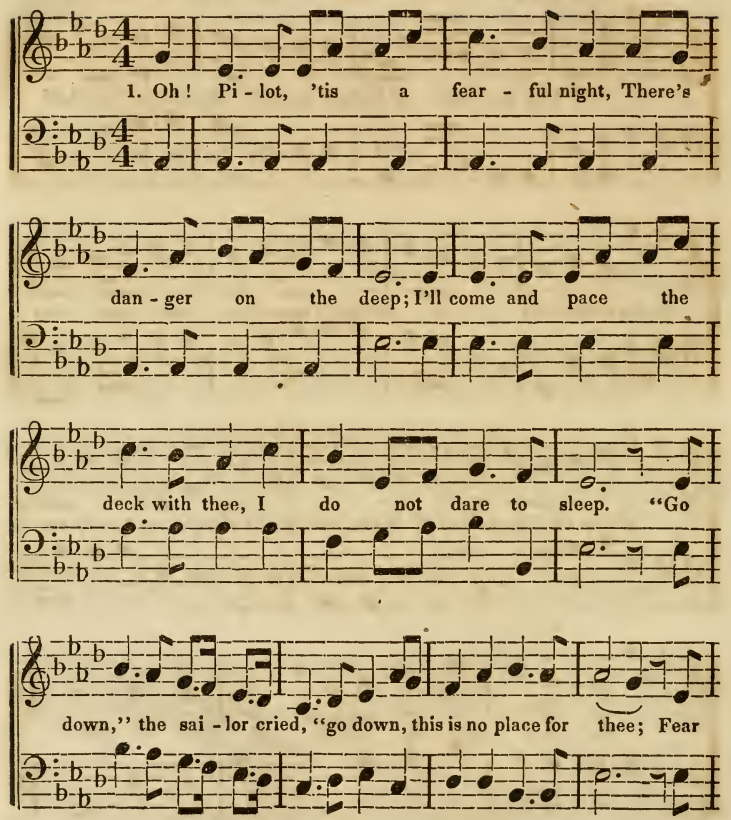
When tossed on ocean's broad domain,
The sport of danger, toil and pain,—
As borne along thy watery way,
Then pause awhile,—"pray sailor pray."

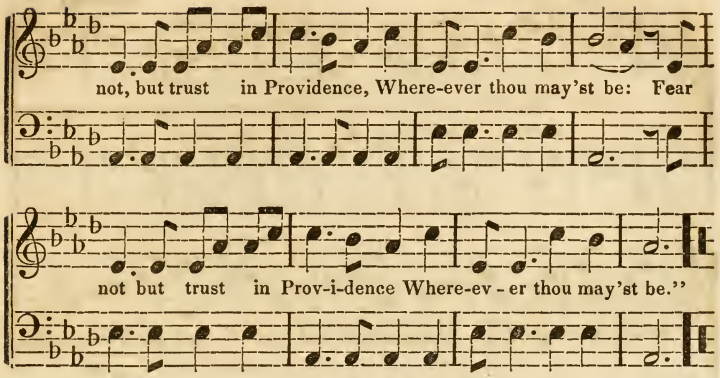
When troubled depths disparted yawn,
And death's embrace is round thee drawn;—
When th' ransomed soul would leave its clay,
O gladly soar,—"pray sailor pray."


1. O'er the wa-ters glid - ing Our barque pursues her way,
2. Summer's breath is blow - ing Up - on our snow-white sail,
On-ward no-bly rid - ing Be - neath the twilight ray, The
The tide is sweetly flow-ing To-wards our na-tive vale, When
stars will soon shine o'er us, And cast their gen - tle light Up -
day is fast a - wak - ing A - long the smiling main, We'll
on . . . the waves be - fore us, To guide us through the night.
see . . . the sunlight break - ing A-bove our homes a - gain.
Ad Lib.

Words by J. H. H. (*Loving Kindness.*)




1. Oh! Pi - lot, 'tis a fear - ful night, There's
dan - ger on the deep; I'll come and pace the
deck with thee, I do not dare to sleep. "Go
down," the sai - lor cried, "go down, this is no place for thee; Fear

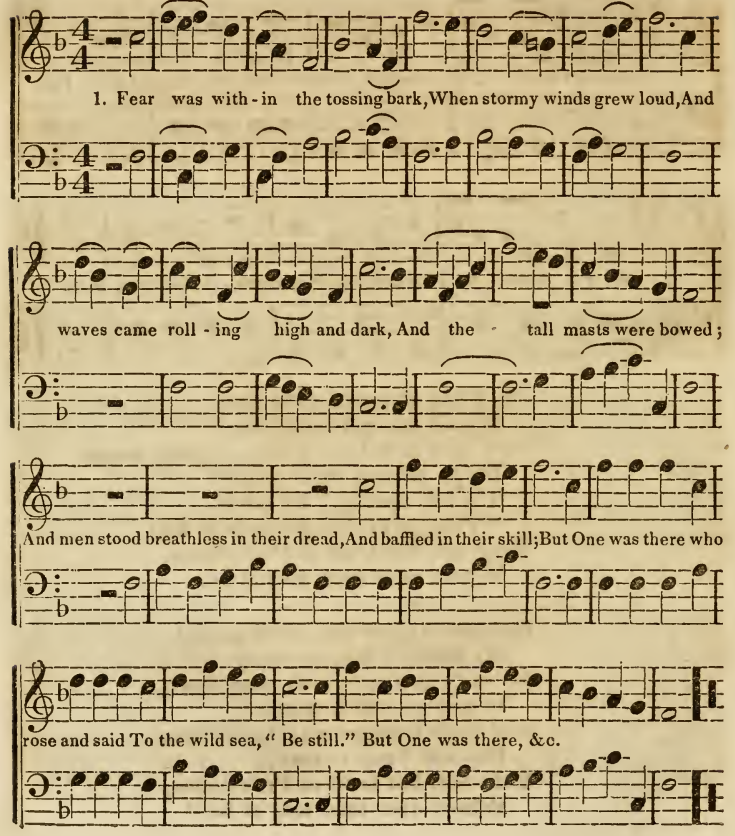


Oh, Pilot, dangers often met,
  We all are apt to slight;
And thou hast known these raging waves,
  But to subdue their might.
"It is not apathy," he cried,
  "That gives this strength to me:
Fear not, but trust in Providence,
  Where ever thou may'st be.

On such a night the sea engulfed
  My father's lifeless form;
My only brother's boat went down,
  In just so wild a storm.
And such perhaps may be my fate,
  But still I say to thee,
Fear not, but trust in Providence,
  Where ever thou may'st be."

CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST. C. M.

Words by Mrs. Hemans. (*Majesty.*)



Then slumber settled on the deep,
  And silence on the blast;
As when the righteous falls asleep;—
  When death's fierce throes are past.
Thou that didst rule the angry hour,
  And tame the tempest's mood—
O send thy Spirit forth in power,
  O'er our dark souls to brood.

Christ revealeth the gospel.

BY N. COLVER.

God of the land and rolling flood,
  Throughout thy wide domain,
Thy works proclaim the mighty God,—
  But *not* the Savior's reign;
The raging storm, the heaving flood,
  The sun that shines above,
Proclaim the wise and powerful God,—
  But not a Savior's love.

The gospel only can impart
  The knowledge of thy grace;
No light can reach and cheer the heart,
  But from a Savior's face;
O let the sons of ocean be
  Converted to the Lord;
Then shall they bear to realms of death,
  The knowledge of thy word.

168 CHRIST WALKING ON THE SEA. L. M.

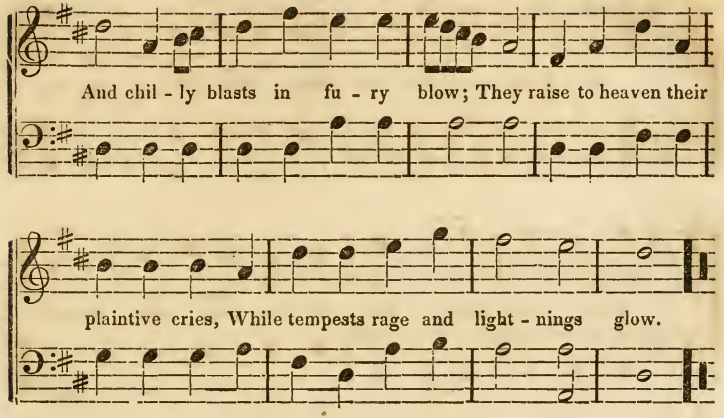
Words by J. H. H. (*Paradise.*)

1. Be - hold that humble, trust-ing band, Meek fol - low - ers of

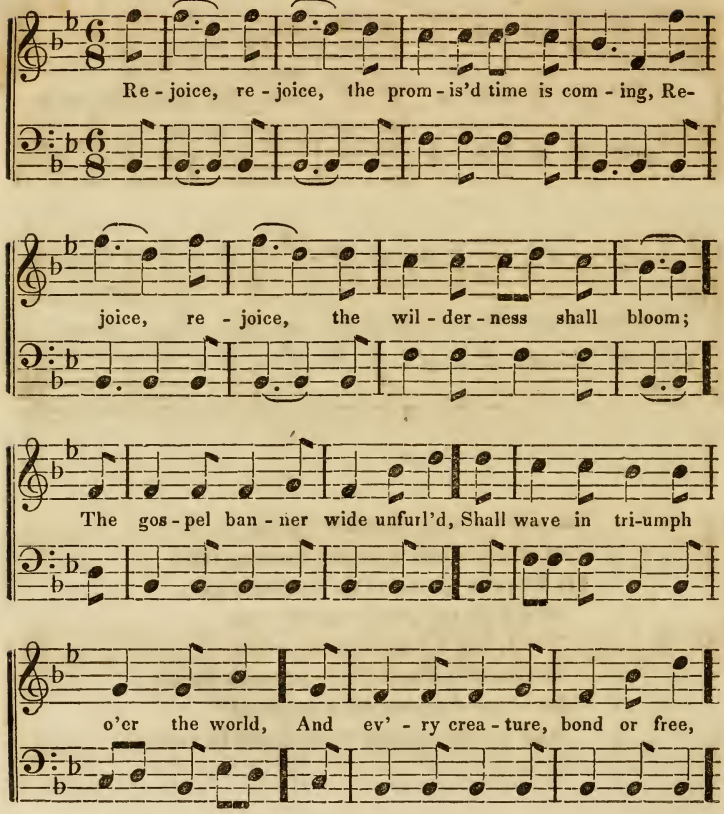
Christ their head; They launch abroad at his com -

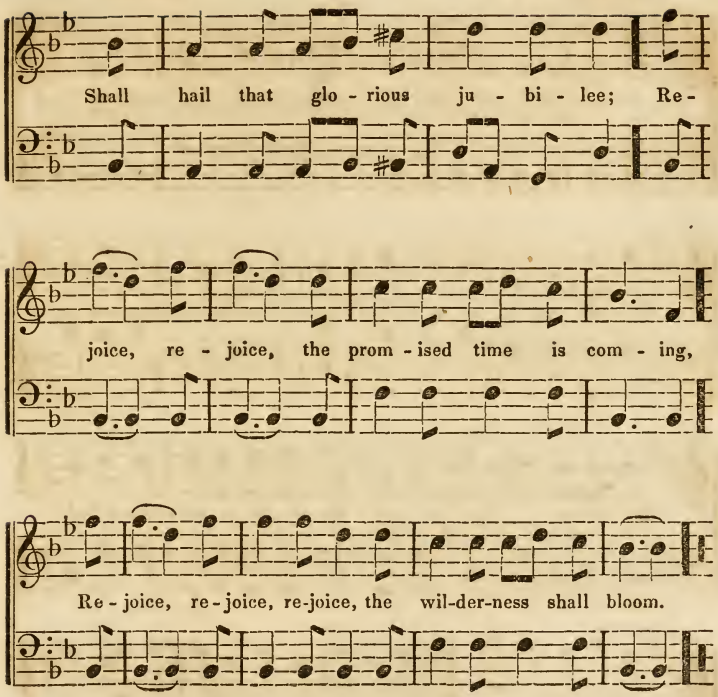
mand, And brave the toils of o-cean's bed.

The howl - ing storms a - round them rise,



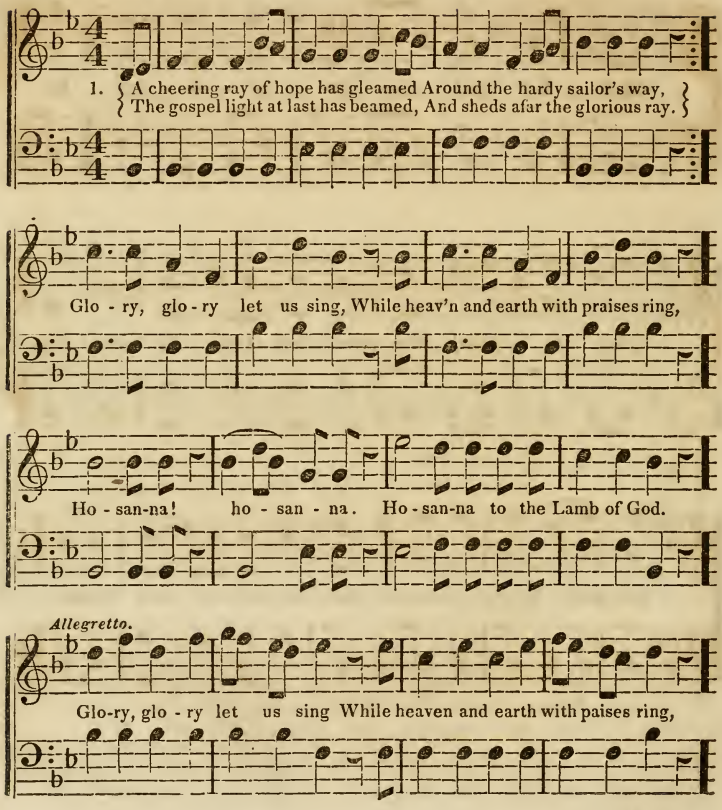
But see! a form divinely bright,
  Moves fearless o'er the foaming tide;
He lifts the gloom of th' fearful night,
  And bids the ship in safety ride.
"'Tis I, 'tis I," the Savior cried,
  While he walked the boisterous wave;
"Be of good cheer, be not afraid,"
  And quickly came, from death to save.

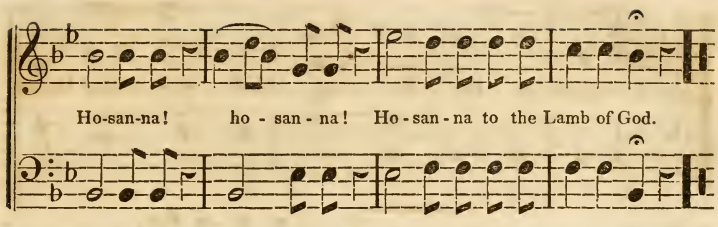

Re - joice, re - joice, the prom - is'd time is com - ing, Re-
joice, re - joice, the wil - der - ness shall bloom;
The gos - pel ban - ner wide unfurl'd, Shall wave in tri-umph
o'er the world, And ev' - ry crea - ture, bond or free,


Shall hail that glo - rious ju - bi - lee; Re-
joice, re - joice, the prom - ised time is com - ing,
Re - joice, re - joice, re-joice, the wil-der-ness shall bloom.

THE CONVERTED SAILOR.

Words by J. H. H. (*Hosanna.*)

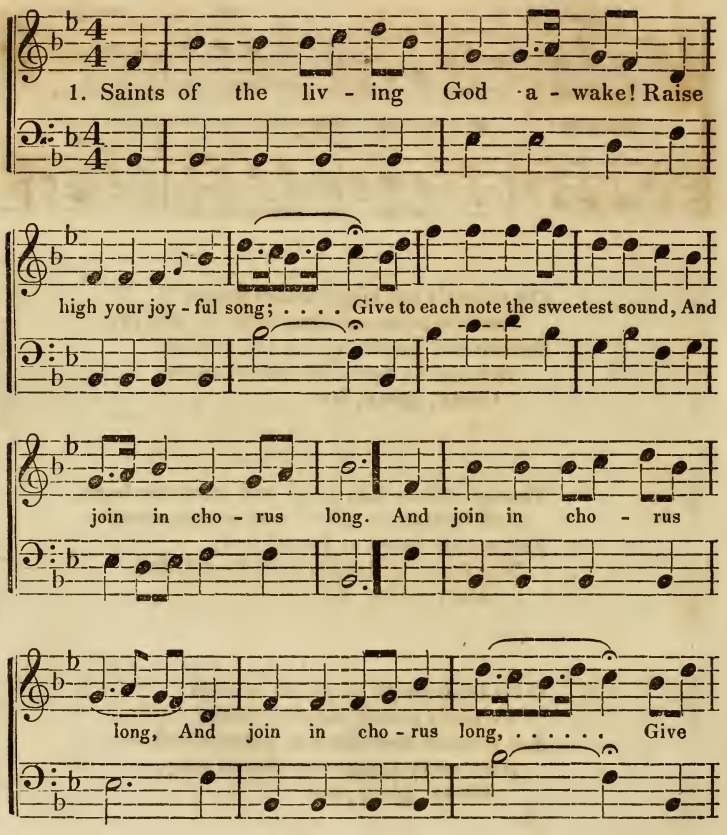


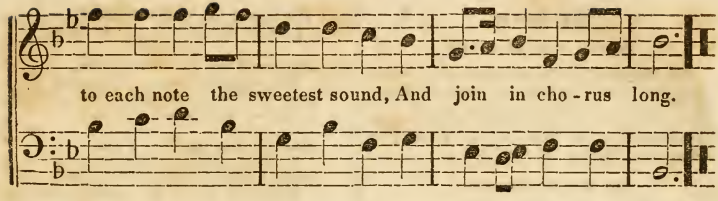


On ocean's heaving billows borne,
The Christian seaman bows in prayer;-
Submissive kneels before the throne,
And joys to meet his Savior there.
Glory, glory, &c.

Though winds may howl and tempests beat,
And lightnings glare, and surges roar,—
He calmly bows at Jesus' feet,
Nor fears in danger's darkest hour.
Glory, glory, &c.

O let loud songs of praise ascend
To our exalted, mighty King;
Let heaven and earth in union blend,—
And every tongue in chorus sing,
Glory, glory, &c.


1. Saints of the liv - ing God a - wake! Raise
high your joy - ful song; . . . . Give to each note the sweetest sound, And
join in cho - rus long. And join in cho - rus
long, And join in cho - rus long, ... Give



Ye children of the heavenly King,
  Away with doubts and fears;
Trust in the mighty arm above,
  And dry your falling tears.

He safely brought you on the way,
  When foes could not molest;
He swept the host of Egypt's King,
  That Israel might be blest.

Then from the willows take your harp!
  Which on them hung so long;
With timbrel and melodious voice,
  Join all the happy throng.

Soon will your tasks and marches cease,
  When Shur and Maron lie,
And Canaan, too, will all be left
  For promised lands on high.

The Dream, L. M.

OR THE DOOMED SAVED.

The following lines were suggested on viewing the picture of mother and son, in which the former is earnestly imploring the latter to dash down the wine cup; while Intemperance is delineated in the back ground, writhing in agony at having lost his victim.

By Wm M. Murrell,

The Reformed Sailor and Temperance Advocate.

(Tune, *Uxbridge.*)

I 'd sooner taste the *Upas* wave,
Than touch the blighting, deadly bowl
That dooms to a disgraceful grave,
And is damnation to the soul.

I 'd hug the tiger to my heart,
Or on my breast the asp should cling,
Than feel the wine-cup's mad'ning dart,
Or taste the cup that miseries bring.

The pangs of disappointed love
Bring not so many anguish'd years,
For Oh ! the wine-cup can but prove
The path to treachery and tears.

I've roamed in pleasure's flowery yoke,
I've slept in pleasure's arms alone,
But, starting from my dream---awoke,
And found, alas ! I was undone.

The wine-cup blasts the soul of worth,
It is the bane of every bliss,
And if there is a hell on earth,
It must be, yes, it must be this.

'Twas night; I dreamt I tasted deep
The wine-cup ; when an angel fair
Hung o'er me, and did seem to weep,
As she cried out—my son, beware.

There is a demon, whose dread charm
Lures thee to mourning—not to mirth.
The cursed cup, with wild alarm,
I seized, and dashed unto the earth.

That angel was my mother dear,
Her voice that warned of misery;
And still, those heaven-born tones I hear,
As they were heard in infancy.

Another came, and Oh ! I felt
Upon my cheek her tender tears ;
'Twas her, to whom I oft have knelt,
The loved one of my youthful years.

She smiled as she beheld the bowl
In fragments ; joyous tears she shed ;
I woke to clasp her to my breast;
I woke, but oh ! the angel fled.

I dream't again, and Satan sate*
Upon his throne of red hot fire ;
Thou hast escaped a damning fate,
He cried, with rolling eyes of ire.

The shrieks of agony, now hear
From those who by the wine-cup fell,
He said, in thunder, and drew near
And ope'd the gloomy gates of hell.

I screamed with fear as I surveyed
The horrid victims, as they raved ;
When, lo, my mother's voice! it said,
My son ! my son ! thy soul is saved.

And since that hour, I have not pressed
The wine-cup dashed upon the floor ,
My soul is calm, my heart is blessed
With bliss I never felt before.

And sooner than it shall impart
Its anguish to my latest breath,
I'll plunge the dagger in my heart,
And taste the bitter cup of death.

In God I place my sacred trust,
And in his strength, what can I fear
His mercy, and his goodness must
Accept the penitential tear.

* Glutted.

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